



# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXVII  
No. 2428

London  
January 21, 1948

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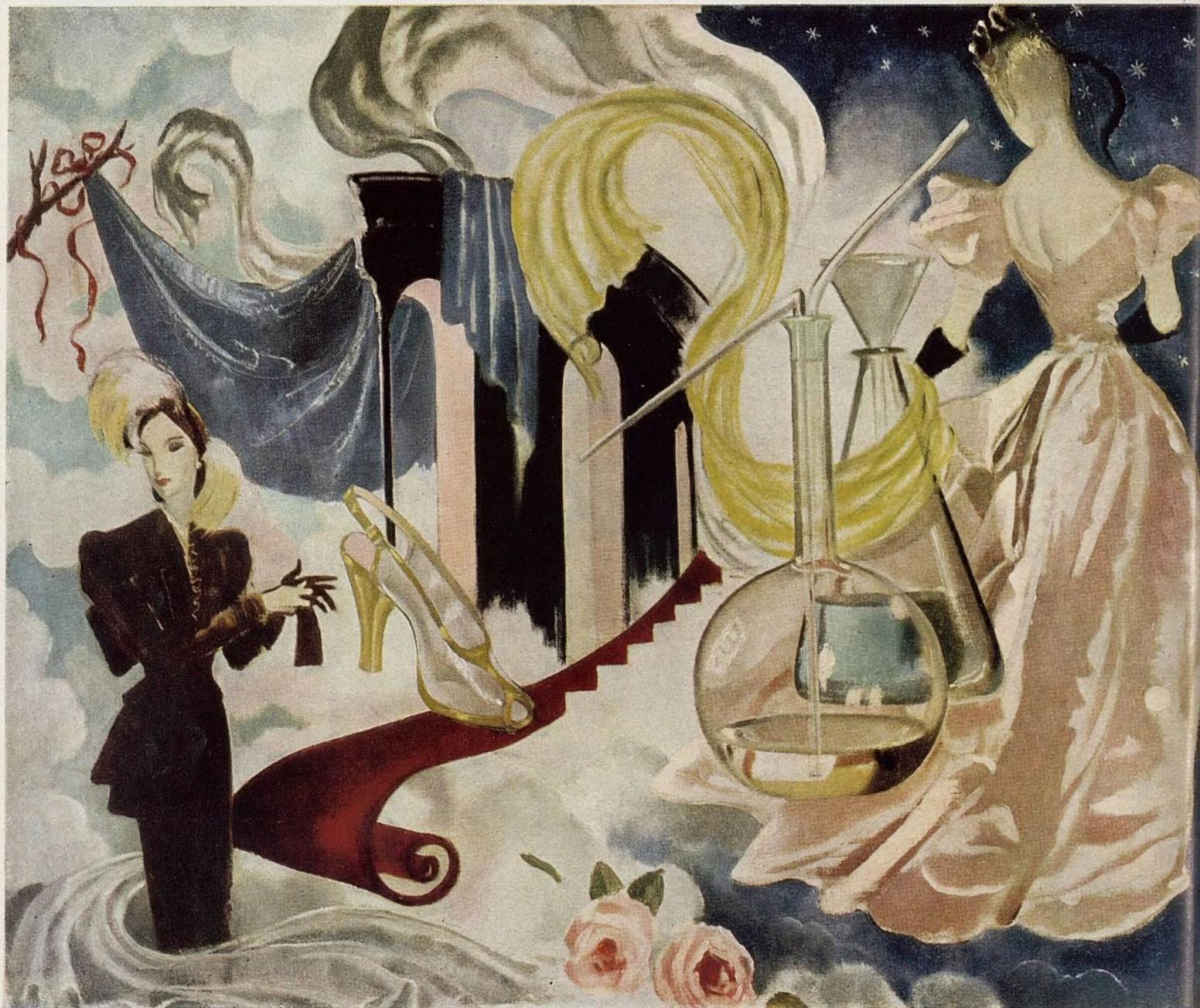


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# THE **TATLER** *and BYSTANDER*

LONDON  
JANUARY 21, 1948

Two Shillings  
Vol. CLXXXVII. No. 2428



Robin Adler, F.R.S.A.

## L.T.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK BROWNING, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.

Widely famed as commander of our airborne troops during the invasion of Europe, General Browning, who is now Military Secretary to the War Office, is taking up the appointment of Controller and Treasurer of Princess Elizabeth's Household on February 1. He was at one time a champion hurdler, and a member of the British Olympic team. In 1932 he married Daphne du Maurier, the novelist, and they have a son and two daughters, who share their parents' enthusiasm for sailing along the coast near their Cornish home.



# PORTRAITS IN PRINT



## The Other Side of the Picture

**D**USK can be a lovely hour in cities when it comes early enough for the shop windows still to be lit and the pavements as yet uncrowded by homegoing thousands—say at half-past four on a January afternoon.

For that hour or so London often loses its present shabbiness, and seems once again to glisten. Whistler wrote of it all with rare affection, and the words read well today: “the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens.”

Then he threw that “pot of paint in the public’s face” to express his emotions on canvas, and collected his farthing’s damages from liverish Mr. Ruskin who had been so slanderously indelicate as to put it that way.

At this twilight hour one gets a better idea of what is going on inside the shops, denied during the daylight, with so many peepshow-sized windows still taking the place of plate-glass.

As far as the West End goes my impression is of the palatial, nay voluptuous, character of women’s hairdressing and beauty establishments. Many of them have the air of a grotto of Venus, and I peer through the windows to see if there really is a bed of roses inside.

The other impression is of the multiplicity of shops selling prints and paintings.

### From Hungary

I WAS walking back from Conduit Street towards St. James’s Square on this particular evening. Someone had kindly sent me an invitation to an official collection of Hungarian paintings opening in the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours—in the ‘twenties it used to be the Ambassadors Club.

So perhaps my mind was on pictures as I walked down Bond Street (Down? Towards Piccadilly? “Up” towards Oxford Street. Yes, I think so).

This event took me back again to Evelyn Waugh’s *Scott-King’s Modern Europe*. I have said that “Neutralia” reminded me most of Rumania; I am now not sure that it may not have been Hungary.

This propaganda exhibition was charmingly Middle European. Everyone was flustered because the paintings had only arrived the night before after a stormy Continental journey. Only half of them seemed to be hung.

I was handed a catalogue and a Martini cocktail (in “Neutralia” it was a “sweet effervescent wine”) and someone talked to me about the new Hungary.

The pictures were rather difficult to judge,

for in front of nearly every one a little group stood, with its back to the pictures. One visitor was saying quite loudly: “In Budapest we use much Shakespeare, much Shakespeare. Last year we used him three times.”

In front of another picture three guests were carrying on what appeared to be a political argument, while a lady was saying, “Since so many years I have not been in Buda I cannot bear to look at the pictures in case I cry.”

If this is the new Hungarian spirit invoked by pictures, I can only observe that it has a striking affinity with the attitude I know too well at Burlington House on the Private View day of the Royal Academy.

### Flourishing Trade

MOST of the big picture dealers are in the vicinity of Conduit Street: Colnaghi’s, who specialize in Old Masters, Agnews, Tooth’s, Knoedler’s (who seem now chiefly to be buying agents for their New York headquarters), Wildenstein’s and the two specialists in modern work—Lefevre’s and Mayor’s.

Lefevre’s is on such good terms with its rival at the Mayor Gallery that next month it

is holding an exhibition of the works of Mayor’s father, the late Fred Mayor, who was known as a water-colourist but now appears to have had unappreciated gifts as a painter in oils.

Not, however, in the direction long fostered by his son, young “Freddie” Mayor, who introduced to England many of the first surrealist painters, and took great delight when people started and shied away from some of his early treasures.

Wildenstein is undoubtedly the greatest art dealer of the day, with branches in London, Buenos Aires, New York and, I believe, shortly in Johannesburg.

These are the leaders in a business which is in a highly flourishing condition at the moment: but who is it that still buys those Victorian canvases, those stags-at-bay, those Topsies-first-dolly and Alma Tademish scenes which fill the windows of the lesser art dealers? And those others which have sprung up recently like so many of the wine shops near Soho that boast elaborately Scottish names.

For these pictures still sell, and one can imagine them coming down from over the dining-room fireplace of some South Kensington mansion, and then speculate on their destination, perhaps to a similar dining-room in Edgbaston or Southport.

Hazlitt said that indifferent pictures, like dull people, must be absolutely moral: the Victorian masters, and their numerous imitators, certainly had genius in that they could paint a scene such as “Slave Market in Smyrna” or “Aphrodite at Dawn” and achieve a result as moral as a Salvation Army tract.

Many of the shops dealing in such pictures still thrive around King Street, in St. James’s, where stands the hollow shell that once was Christie’s.

### Candid Critic

ON that evening’s walk I noticed that the most interesting house in King Street seems about to undergo restoration. This is the badly blitzed dwelling which carries a blue plaque reading: “Napoleon III lived here in 1848.”

Not only did he live here, but it was from King Street in the fateful revolutionary year of 1848 that he left again for France to become President of the new republic, then Emperor and then again, in the last chapter, the exile of Chislehurst.

I have been reading some of the descriptions of this fantastic Bonaparte in letters written by the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico and his lovely wife Carlota. I suppose of all the tragedies that disturbed the world outside England’s own placid later nineteenth century,



“Now we really are catching up, Briggs—that’s for 1942 . . .”

none could touch that of Maximilian in sheer poignancy and melodrama.

He was a most intelligent, if too idealistic fellow, and his letters from Paris to his brother Franz Joseph in Vienna should be read as a corrective to those regally smooth canvases in which Winterhalter depicted the French court.

Maximilian visited Paris some time before Napoleon III tricked him into accepting the emperor's crown in Mexico. He found Napoleon a man "utterly lacking in nobility of presence"—and this at a time when a corps of painters and sculptors were engaged in depicting him as a heroic figure. His arm trembled when he shook hands, and he had lustreless eyes.

The visitor was given a gala welcome at St. Cloud. "A very improper piece was performed," he wrote, "which according to our ideas should not have been performed . . . the society was inconceivably mixed and distinguished for its disgusting dress and tactless behaviour."

#### *The Empress Pleads*

THEN Maximilian and Carlota (she was a daughter of Queen Victoria's uncle, Leopold of Belgium), set out on their tragic adventure. Years passed, and Carlota returned to Europe to plead for more French assistance in quelling the Mexican rebels. She found Napoleon cutting an even less impressive figure in private life, constantly in tears. "He wept much more the second time than the first," she reported to Maximilian.

The Empress Carlota then proceeded on her sad and fruitless journey in search of European aid and finally reached the Vatican. There she broke down.

"Everything comes to us in the end," drily observed Pope Pius IX. "But this is the first time an Empress has ever gone mad in the Vatican."

At some point in this journey, Carlota is believed to have had a child, which was afterwards adopted, although given the name "Maxime." It has long been believed that this child became a certain French general whose parentage has always been, admittedly, a mystery.

Of poor Maximilian, deserted in distant Mexico, there is a reminder on view in the National Gallery. It is of the soldier (seemingly in French uniform) adjusting the breech of his rifle, which was part of Manet's larger canvas of the execution of the captured Emperor by the rebels. Napoleon III forbade its public exhibition in Paris.

He must have cried a lot. Of all the dubious and tawdry adventures of the one-time exile of King Street, the betrayal of the high-minded, impractical Maximilian must rank high.

Carlota lived on, incredibly, in her dream world until 1927.

#### *Inquire Within*

I HAVE forborne to write of the pictures in the Hungarian exhibition, and will content myself with saying that they are "reminiscent."

Somerset Maugham has evolved a technique for use in an art gallery itself. It ranges, he says, from the intense "By God!" that acknowledges the power of the ruthless realist, down to "terribly amusing!" the "Oh!" of one who is overcome, and the "Ah!" of him whose breath is taken away.

When I myself was young and modest I used to say apologetically that I didn't "know much about pictures, I'm afraid."

Now when any one asks me if I know anything about pictures, I usually reply: "Yes, pretty well everything, what is it you want to know?"

Gordon Beckles

## ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

### THE FLY AND THE CARBURETTOR

A Fly, which led a rotten life,  
Constantly bullied by his wife,  
Got sucked, one day, into a carburettor.  
This, indirectly, stopped the car;  
And, though it gave the Fly a jar  
It made him, psychologically, better.

Wiping the petrol off his wings,  
He said, "You see—I can do things"  
And went back home and nearly killed his  
madam;  
He blacked eight thousand of her eyes  
But, to his infinite surprise,  
She simply loved it, calling him "My Adam!"

He had, it seemed, got something there.  
And so next day he took the air  
Seeking an even bigger operation.  
But why the aeroplane he met  
Just had to be propelled by jet . . .  
Lumleigh, are you in favour of cremation?

**Immoral** (Something about jet-black eyes if I could only find it.)

—Justin Richardson.



**SIR EDMUND PASTON-BEDINGFELD**

and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, with their two children, Henry, who is three, and Alexandra, born last September. Sir Edmund, who is the ninth baronet, served with the Welsh Guards during the war, and was wounded. His wife was formerly Miss Joan Rees, of Llanelli. They live at Oxburgh Hall, King's Lynn

Swache



**Round The Halls.** That incomparable compère Vic Oliver, who shines in "Starlight Roof" at the Hippodrome, surrounded by: the pocket wonder boy from Hollywood, Mickey Rooney, and veteran comedian Dick Henderson both appearing at the Palladium; Max Wall whose dexterous india-rubber face can be seen at the Golders Green Empire; and the Crazy Gang, moonstruck as ever, at the Victoria Palace, in the persons of Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold

Anthony Cookman  
and Tom Titt

## At the Theatre

(Comments Upon)  
Some Comedians

EVEN today the music-hall could not afford to drop a certain tradition derived from the old fairs. Comic singers must willy-nilly appear in the company of freaks, celebrities and performing animals. The music-hall audience is as freely moved by curiosity as crowds milling about the booths of a country fairground. Naturally they wanted to see Mr. Mickey Rooney, and the Palladium, knowing its business, presented this celebrity.

Had it turned out that the *enfant terrible* of the Hardy family possessed no talent for the stage the shortcoming would not have spoiled the evening. There he was—short (even shorter than we had expected), boyish still, engagingly gauche and remarkably energetic.

HE showed himself a worker, working frantically at everything by turns and at nothing for long, blowing a blast on the trumpet, giving the drum a bang, telling a story, mimicking Mr. Clarke Gable and Miss Jean Arthur, having a go at the piano—in short, being to the satisfaction of our curiosity, Mr. Mickey Rooney in the flesh.

The same programme included others who pleased us rather by what they did—the breathless but witty fat lady of Forsythe, Seamon and Farrell, Ben Dova, the inebrate in a tattered tail coat and a shirt striped like a sugarstick, who climbs a flexible lamp-post to find a light for his cigarette and never ceases to pursue that ignis fatuus, and Mr.

Jimmy James, so true a son of vaudeville that marriage is to him the funniest joke in the world.

WE are often told that the music-hall is a thing of the past, and it is true that not many houses calling themselves that are left in the West End, but a little tour of the theatres just now will discover plenty of music-hall comedians who are alive and kicking. Whether signed up in pantomime or in revue, they are to be found taking their old impenitently individual way, always "in" whatever was the character evolved for use in the halls.

In *Babes in the Wood* at the Princes (incidentally the liveliest of the year's pantomimes) Monsewer Eddie Gray is the Baron, but baronial dignity is a very thin covering for the natural quality of this superb buffoon. It was once described with enviable felicity by Agate as "an inherent invincible seediness, a compendium of poor relationship, a vade-mecum of down-at-heelness, an epitome of traipsing Nosey-Parkerishness." With him is Mr. George Gee who, though bred in musical comedy and farce, brings to any stage situation the same ready-made personality, that of a vigorous and slightly surprised Jack-in-the-Box. On the broad, spectacular slopes of the Casino *Cinderella* Mr. Arthur Askey skips and stances Askeyishly, with the charming innocence of a rabbit.

At the Hippodrome we find Mr. Vic Oliver playing with a bland impudence entirely his own the part of compère to *Starlight Roof*. There is not a great deal in the part, save when a small child in the audience accepts an invitation to come on the stage and then proceeds, to Mr. Oliver's amazement, to prove herself an infant prodigy of trills. It is Julie Andrews, of whom presumably more will be heard. Mr. Oliver concentrates the best of his fun into a quarter of an hour: that is when he takes up his old music-hall violin and one by one the frayed strings snap protestingly. Pure music-hall also is Mr. Michael Bentine, who in a great burst of oratory, ingeniously illustrates his mixed metaphors with a chair into which he is fated to get himself fantastically mixed.

THE little tour may fitly come to its climax at the Victoria Palace. The Crazy Gang are *Together Again*, with Flanagan, their natural leader, triumphing as usual over material which seems not half good enough for him, with Nervo and Knox who, if flung into interstellar space would automatically follow a curve of burlesque, and with Naughton and Gold, as amiably brisk as ever. If the tour had begun earlier it would have caught Mr. Gillie Potter at the Casino where he and the King's English were consorting high and disposedly.

# The Gossip Backstage

by

*Beaumont Kent*

I HEAR from C. B. Cochran that though Sir Alan Herbert is well on the way with the script of the Edwardian musical play which will eventually follow *Bless the Bride*, it will be a long time before it is seen. "Business at the Adelphi," he says, "goes up and up, and I don't expect to need a successor until late in the year."

Meanwhile, he and Lord ("Tony") Vivian are planning to present at some other theatre "a musical piece" based on *Scandal in Bohemia*, one of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories. As this has already been prepared for production in France, with music by Henri Sauguet, the book by Marcel Achard will be adapted. "C. B." says the leading part offers a wonderful chance for a suitable actor for whom he is now looking.

UNDER the title of *Ambassador Extraordinary*, William Douglas Home (author of *Now Barabbas...* and *The Chiltern Hundreds*) has written another play which Linnit and Dunfee are presenting in due course. Though it has a deep and serious theme, I gather that it is written in the vein of witty and satirical comedy. The chief character is the Foreign Secretary, and another important part is that of an ambassador from one of the planets! It will go into rehearsal shortly.

Irina Baronova, Eugenie Delarova and Yul Brynner, a young Russian actor, arrive from America within a few days in order to begin rehearsals, under Charles Goldner, for the Broadway success *Dark Eyes*, which Linnit and Dunfee are also presenting. It opens at Glasgow on February 17 and comes to town after visits to Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Manchester.

This comedy by Elena Miramova and Eugenie Leontovitch, concerning the adventures of two hard-up Russian actresses who are uninvited guests at a Long Island home, had a long run in New York. Among the British members of the cast is red-haired Genine Graham, who came into notice as the mermaid in *Miranda*.

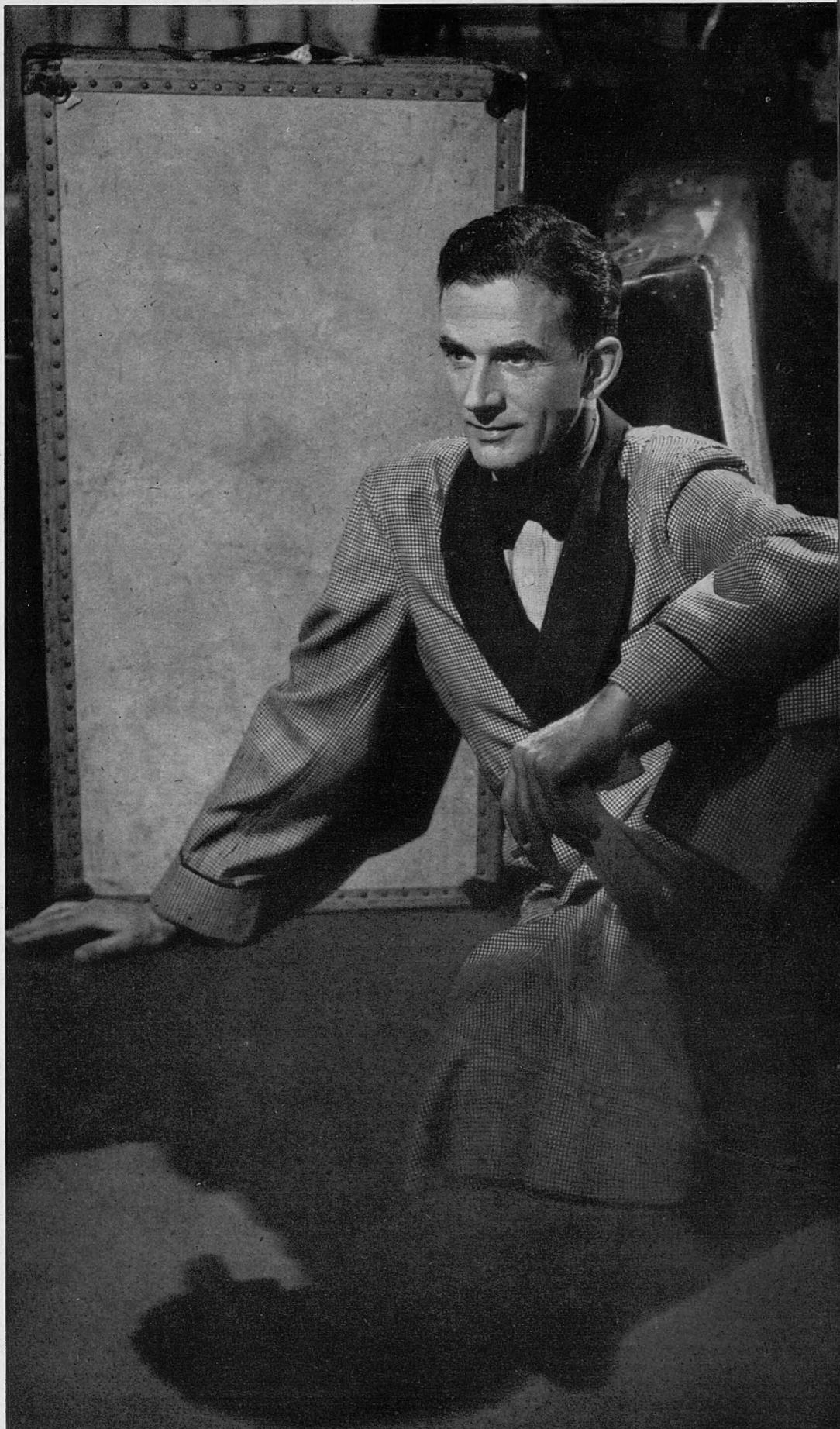
Peter Pan, now drawing large audiences to the Scala, where it continues until January 31, has obviously lost none of its appeal for children—or their parents, aunts and uncles—with the advancing years. There have been cataclysmic changes since 1904, when the name part was first played and made famous by Nina Boucicault, but the perennial charm of the piece remains unaffected. Phyllis Calvert, this year's Peter, is a worthy successor to the many celebrated actresses whose names are associated with the role.

CRITICS were unanimous in describing the duels in which Michael Redgrave takes part in *Macbeth*, at the Aldwych, as the most realistic that have been seen in the theatre. The man who arranged them is Patrick Crean, a good-looking young actor who has an important part in *Bred in the Bone*, Michael Egan's new play which opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith, next Tuesday.

Crean, London-born, and the son of Major "Tommy" Crean, V.C., D.S.O., the Irish Rugby international, began to fence when, after tea-planting in Ceylon, he served in the Regular Army in 1931. He soon became an expert and his skill assured him his first stage job in *Casanova*, at the Coliseum, two years later. Since then he has appeared in and arranged duelling scenes in many West End plays. It was he who was responsible for the duels in Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* film.

WHEN *Castle Anna* opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith, at the beginning of March, Hazel Terry (daughter of the late Denis Neilson Terry and cousin of John Gielgud), who recently appeared in *Peace in Our Time*, will have her first big acting chance.

The play, by Elizabeth Bowen and John Perry (part-author of *A Man About the House* and *Spring Meeting*), is set in Ireland and concerns a woman's obsession about the family home and its effect upon other people. Pauline Letts has a leading part and Arthur Sinclair will provide the comedy.



Angus McBean

HUGH SINCLAIR, who so ably plays the part of Garry Essendine in Noel Coward's *Present Laughter*, at the Haymarket Theatre, has had the by no means easy task of succeeding the author in the part which he created and made famous. However, as this actor is one of our leading exponents of light comedy he is more than equal to it. Hugh Sinclair, who was educated at Charterhouse and trained at the R.A.D.A., made his first appearance on the London stage at Wyndham's in *The Rose and the Ring*. He has appeared in a number of plays in the United States, while some of his London successes include Sebastian Sanger in *Escape Me Never* and David Naughton in *Claudia*, which he played from 1942-44. He has also appeared in several films

**Freya Bruce Lockhart**

[Decorations by Hoffnung]

# At The Pictures

## Moods Of The Moment

Too many films depend on the popular mood of the moment to lend them a spurious distinction. So I am grateful this week for two significant pictures—one antique German, the other brand-new British—which, for different reasons, are out of step with our present temper and taste.

Three or four years ago, before we had all become surfeited with sadism on the screen, the film of Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*, now showing at the Warner, would have been a revelation. In the future, two or three or even ten years hence, when we shall, let us hope, have grown unused to the sight of smashed or slashed faces on the screen, and to the censor-conscious hints of furtive vice which make the old gangster pictures look like clean nursery fun and games, then I dare guess *Brighton Rock* may seem a still more powerful study in sin than it does just now.

TODAY, at the end of a long series of pictures dabbling in contemporary degradation—after *Double Indemnity*; *Farewell, My Lovely*; *The Lost Weekend*; *Laura*; Britain's *They Made Me a Fugitive* and a string of less memorable horrors—many people's first reaction to the racecourse and razor gangs of pre-war Brighton may be one of simple nausea: we have had enough; let us have comedy, horse opera, fantasy, fairy-tale, costume novelette—anything rather than more morbid criminology. Not until some way through is it made clear that the film is to be about anything more than the opening man-hunt where a drab reporter is hounded to death by plain terror; and the rivalry of the razor-gangs, one of them bossed by the subhuman seventeen-year-old delinquent dictator, "Pinkie" (Richard Attenborough).

Mr. Greene, besides being—in my view—our leading contemporary novelist, is one whose technique is perfectly adapted to the cinema. The Boulting Brothers, producer and director, have matched his urgent rhythm and swiftly moving action through kaleidoscopic scenes with a mobility of camerawork and taut sharpness of cutting which give us a microcosm of Brighton's underworld, and invests the familiar prospects of pier, pub, amusement arcade, racecourse, and mean streets with a nightmare atmosphere of menace.

"Spiv" in its contemporary sense is a postwar word. So we cannot call Pinkie a spiv, though he emerges as the father of them all. But although *Brighton Rock* is as forceful, and at least as nasty as *They Made Me a Fugitive*, it goes very much

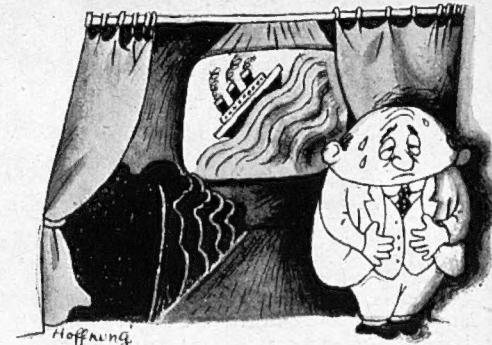
deeper. For Pinkie's story is the story not merely of a crook, by whatever name, but of a damned soul and one moreover aware of his own damnation. As a believing, though not of course a practising, Catholic, he has never a doubt that Hell awaits him if he pursues his course; and when the girl he marries—to prevent her giving evidence against him—shrinks from a suicide pact as from the ultimate mortal sin, he shrugs in resignation to his own damnation: "Oh—what's one more!"

M R. GREENE himself is credited with a half share in the screen-play of his own novel, Terence Rattigan with the other half. The film is in fact a faithful simplification of the novel, a concentration rather than the usual kind of adaptation. Much has been eliminated, including any explanation of how the terrible Boy, who has none of the commoner vices, no tobacco, no alcohol, no women—above all no women—has gained power over his elders. Other points have been rammed home.

Presumably for commercial tactics, the dominant religious note has been minimized, with the curious result that the film is more cruel, more comfortless than the novel, in spite of a slick, trick finish hardly calculated to satisfy even the most insistent clamour for a hopeful, if not a happy ending. But the outline is faithful; and behind the familiar features of a brutal crime film, the theme remains clearly the fate of an immortal soul.

THE acting is little better than very good indeed, though Hermione Baddeley, for an actress whose stage style is, to say the least of it, broad, succeeds remarkably in making the good-hearted busybody Ida's vitality genuine enough to carry off occasional exaggerations. Richard Attenborough, also repeating his stage performance as Pinkie, conscientiously—even convincingly—reproduces the cruelty, the control, the cold horror of eyes open to truth; he lacks only the personality as nearly superhuman as subhuman which the part demands. Carol Marsh has charm and promises to be more effective in a less difficult part than that of a simple girl who would rather let Pinkie lead her into sin than leave him to be damned alone.

*Brighton Rock* was published as a novel in 1938 and might thus, but for the accident of war, have made the first instead of (dare we hope?) the last of the contemporary crime films. If, compared with the book, the film is a poorer, weaker



thing, it is so much richer and subtler than the other films of its kind that when they have all been forgotten, it may still be accounted admirable.

SEVENTEEN years ago, when the world had forgotten one war and did not yet foresee another, many of us wallowed in the German sentimentalities of *The Blue Angel*; and raved about the unaffected glamour of a beautiful girl with amazing legs, a sense of humour and a haunting voice, who was called Marlene Dietrich. I expected the revival—at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead—to be an occasion for nostalgia, for shame over the foolish enthusiasms of youth. So in one sense it is. How could we ever have stomached the morbid Teutonic degradation of the old professor driven to crow like a cock for a cabaret girl? How could we respect the porcine virtuosity of Emil Jannings? But virtuosity it is; and *The Blue Angel* is dated only by the changes wrought in our own mood.

As a film, technically and pictorially, it is as fresh as though it had been made last year—except for a few excisions where the hunt for souvenir shots of the famous legs seems to have torn gaps in the sound track of the equally famous songs: "Falling in Love Again" and "Blonde Women." Most modern studios could learn, if they would, from the simple selective photography and from the direction (by von Sternberg) which, though slow in the laborious German style, is never static, relying on the moving pictures to tell the story. As for wondering what we saw in Dietrich, here it is for anybody to see: a radiant Continental cabaret singer who in fifteen years or so of Hollywood stardom has never been as attractive or as human again.

EAR below the standard of French films to which we are accustomed in London is *La Nuit Fantastique*, at Studio One. Fernand Gravey is engaging enough as the student whose sleep is troubled by a girl who floats through his dreams; but photography and continuity are so foggy that I found it almost as difficult as he to know when he was sleeping and when waking; and his yawns were uncomfortably infectious.

At the London Pavilion, *Heaven Only Knows* provokes us once again to ask what it is that makes every attempt to introduce religion—of whatever denomination—into an American film so offensively embarrassing. There is no positive intention of blasphemy, I think; the morals preached are as sound as the Hays Code. The trouble is that Hollywood will patronize Heaven: the Archangel Michael himself, let alone poor Robert Cummings in a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, is expected to feel flattered at being invited into a cheap Western to clean up the usual feud.

**SHEILA  
MANAHAN**

This young actress plays the part of the young widow in Donagh MacDonagh's comedy-melodrama in verse, *Happy as Larry*, with a charm and vivacity which has earned her outstanding praise. She was trained at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and then acted in repertory in Belfast, which she left to seek her fortune in London. After a period in repertory at Palmers Green she was finally selected for the part which she plays so brilliantly in *Happy as Larry*. The play began its run at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, and was transferred to the Criterion. Broadway is now showing a keen interest in it

THE TATTOO  
BY BYSTANDER  
JANUARY 21, 1968



George Bilainkin.

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Sir Maung Gyee,  
the Burmese Ambassador

**I**N front of a notable Burmese politician's residence near colourful Rangoon, 1000 men in green shirts and green shorts drilled with enthusiasm. They faced the Bogyok, commander-in-chief of the National Volunteers, popularly described as the "Greenshirt Army." The Bogyok, Honours graduate of the English language and literature at Calcutta, who dazzled Oxford and the Middle Temple, London, precisely forty years ago, is now first Ambassador-designate of the 17,000,000 inhabitants

of the new republic of Burma. He is His Excellency Sir Maung Gyee.

In a simple spring-weight sports coat, Gyee changes one pair of spectacles for another as he speaks and concentrates on the history of Anglo-Burmese relations, now cordial. He is undisturbed by a string of officials who bring a succession of documents into his austere study in Charles Street, Mayfair. Like all Burmese he looks happy, and smiles without reserve between puffs at the strong, indigenous cheroot.

**B**ORN at Sheegyin, about 100 miles from Rangoon, sixty-two years ago, Gyee first visited England for a year's stay. Returning home he determined on politics.

He had already founded the Young Men's Buddhist Association ("on Y.M.C.A. lines"), the Calcutta Burmese Students' Club, the Burmese Students' Club in London. (In Oxford he could not find a club, for it boasted in all two Burmese.)

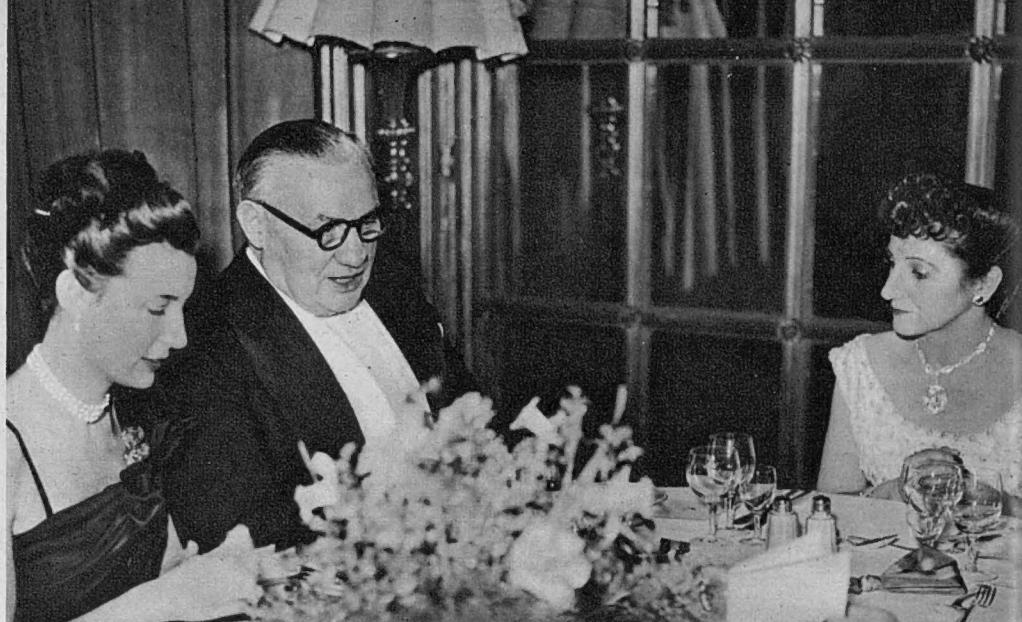
When Burma received a measure of self-government in 1921, Gyee was chosen one of the two Burmese Ministers, being responsible for education, local government and other portfolios. He amended the unpopular Rangoon University Act and introduced regular pay for school teachers, who had hitherto existed "on results," the fees sometimes being as low as five rupees a month.

**D**EFEATED in a General Election, Gyee led the Health and Strength Movement, was elected president of the National Sporting Club, and organised and largely financed the Greenshirts. The Army eschewed politics and religion, "was intended to revive Burma's old martial spirit and fit the people for self-defence."

Gyee surrendered the Presidency of the Senate, Burma's Upper House, in 1940, to assume the highest post open to a Burmese, Counsellor to the Governor, together with two European counsellors. The Japanese invaded Burma, government crumbled, and the order was "Disperse." Gyee took to the hills and lived in a kitchenless monastery, partitioned by old blankets for the family. Carriers brought water, expensively, from the distant river.

After months the Japanese asked him to visit their officer in command. But he evaded the call for a while, knowing that they would be aware of his recent country-wide trip on a lecture mission to warn Burma of the consequences of a Japanese invasion.

Gyee thought it prudent to accept the invitation from the Burmese Government to become a judge in the Supreme Court, "though I hated every moment." His residence in Rangoon was returned to him, minus furniture and the lawn-mower. As soon as it was possible he returned to his family's home and reappeared in Rangoon after the liberation. Then the British asked him to join the Executive Council, and in November he was appointed High Commissioner in London.



Señora Bianchi, wife of the Chilean Ambassador, Mr. Ernest Bevin and Señora Solares, the hostess, at the dinner, which was held at the Ritz Hotel

## The Bolivian Ambassador Gives a Dinner

For the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Bevin



H.E. Señor Manuel Bianchi, the Chilean Ambassador, and Mrs. Ernest Bevin



The host, H.E. Dr. Solares, with his daughter, Señorita Dolores Margaret Solares



The Argentine Ambassador, H.E. Dr. Labougle, H.E. Mme. Berckemeyer, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, and Viscount Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor



Viscountess Davidson, who is Member of Parliament for Hemel Hempstead, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Wells, and Mrs. Shuckburgh

## HUNTING NOTES

THE Woodland Pytchley met at Pipewell Hall again early in the month. There was a fox in Carlton Forest, which we had not been able to visit before owing to shooting arrangements, and he ran a ring out to Wilbarston village and back—a short and enjoyable hunt, but including a nasty moment when our Joint-Master, who was hunting hounds, his wife and our friend from the north all jumped into wire, fortunately without damage.



The next fox, found in Pipewell Wood, went across to Carlton and back before going away over the aerodrome, with Carlton Forest on the right, to the main Harborough-Corby road near Wilbarston village. Crossing the road, hounds ran on down into the valley, and bearing to the left short of Wilbarston New Covert, lost their fox by the grass lane.

HUNTING in the Whaddon Chase country, which was stopped by frost on December 30th, was resumed on New Year's Day, when over seventy youngsters turned out for the children's meet at Mentmore. After a hunt round the park, a fox went away towards Ledburn and was lost.

A very large field met hounds at Great Horwood on January 3rd, and enjoyed a long and fast hunt on a fox from Lady Young's covert. Running by Beachampton and Thornborough, this fox was pushed through the Grove and College Wood to Nash before returning to the Grove, where he had to be left, late in the afternoon. There were many loose horses, and Miss Wheeler, of Whitchurch, had the misfortune to break a collarbone.

THE Warwickshire started the month with a meet at Chadsmet Hall, where Mrs. Dunne dispensed pre-war hospitality. All three Masters were present—Major Samuel, Col. Brackenbury (apparently quite recovered from the effects of his recent fall) and Major Rodwell (out for the first time since his illness). A fast gallop from Chadsmet Coppice followed, ending with a kill near Lighthorne; and there was an afternoon hunt from Gaydon Coppice, through Bawcutt's Covert, and away past Knightcote, and over the G.W.R. to Watergall, where the fox managed to defeat hounds. A very enjoyable day and a good beginning for the New Year.

THE Enfield Chace have found scenting conditions much improved recently and have been catching their foxes. A good day followed their meet at Ridge Church, when they had an excellent 80 minutes. Finding at Cross Oaks, they ran to High Canons and over Mr. Littlechild's farm before going right-handed, and with Birch Wood on their right, pointed for Lyndhurst, where their huntsman, Mr. Tim Muxworthy, viewed his fox away on the far side. Running fast back through Birch Wood, hounds next pointed for Cross Oak, where he beat them. At Cheshunt Park, hounds had a busy day, and after hunting at Wormleybury and Broxbournebury, killed their fox. Prospects are good for the remainder of the season.

SINCE the badly-needed rain came towards the end of November, the Puckeridge have shown much improved sport, and one of their best days followed their Newport appointment, when they found a stout fox in Newport Osiers and ran by Wicken Village and on to Wood Hall. Leaving Scots Wood on their right and Clavering Mills on their left, they next hunted through Oxbury Wood and on to Beaches Wood, where they killed their fox after a fast hunt of 1 hour 10 minutes with a 5-mile point. They also had a good day from Patmore Heath, when a fox from Patmore Wood paid the penalty after a nice hound hunt. Later a fox from Bailey Hills Wood gave them a gallop towards Bishops Stortford and eluded hounds when pointing for Hazel End.



The Baron and Baroness de Robeck, who are members of the Kildare Hunt, with Major and Mrs. Maxwell. The ball was held at Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford

## The West Waterford Hunt Ball



Major W. W. B. Scott, whose first season it is as Master, and Mrs. Ion Villiers-Stuart



Mrs. W. W. B. Scott, wife of the Master, with Major C. G. Thin and Mrs. Thin



The Duke of Westminster, who came over from Fortwilliam House, Lismore, and Mrs. A. H. Watt, of the United Cork Hunt



Mr. Ion Villiers-Stuart, the hon. secretary, Mrs. Bobby Keane, from Cappoquin, and Mrs. Villiers-Stuart



Miss Mary Bell, an English visitor, with Mr. T. E. Hallinan, son of the Joint-Master of the United Cork Hunt



Mrs. W. W. B. Scott with Major and Mrs. J. H. Hirsch. Lismore Castle is the Duke of Devonshire's lovely Irish seat



Fennell, Dublin



Bassano

*The Hon. Mrs. Dennis Stucley with her children, Margaret, Rosemary, Christine, Sarah and Hugh. She is the only surviving child of Lord and Lady Poltimore, and her husband is the eldest son of Sir Hugh Stucley, Bt., and Lady Stucley. He owns Hartland Abbey and Affeton Castle, which are both in Devonshire*

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

At Sandringham the King and his guests have been enjoying excellent sport, with kindly weather conditions, even though game is still very far below that pre-war plenitude which seems almost dreamlike in these days of meagre bags. Her Majesty and Queen Mary have both been resting a good deal after the rush and pressure of the closing months of last year, and both have benefited considerably from their stay in the good Norfolk air. Before she left Sandringham, Princess Elizabeth, who is so fond of racing, motored over to Newmarket for the bloodstock sales. On this occasion she induced Princess Margaret, who up to now has not shown the same appreciation of the sport, to accompany her.

Soon after, the Princess said her good-byes at Sandringham and returned to London with her husband, for the Duke to take up his duties at the Admiralty.

Awaiting the Duke were papers from Garter King of Arms, Sir Algar Howard, submitting final details of his new coat-of-arms; and another non-naval matter demanding his attention was the question of his introduction into the House of Lords. This important ceremony is usually carried out in the case of all new peers of the realm by two peers "of like degree," and it is a sad reminder of the death of the Duke of Kent that there is among the Royal Family in this country only one member, the Duke of Gloucester, who fulfils this requirement.

Many people have left and are leaving these shores in search of sunshine, which now has to be found within the sterling area. But in contrast there are some hardy people who have returned to England or are visiting us in spite of our inclement winters.

Among those who arrived in this country in time for Christmas were Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, who had been in America; they spent Christmas at their lovely country home, Upton House, in Warwickshire, where their eldest son, the Hon. Marcus Samuel, is one of the Joint-Masters of the Warwickshire Hounds. Lord John Hope, the Marquess of Linlithgow's younger son, who is Member for Midlothian and Peebles, also arrived from America, in the Cunard-White Star's Mauretania, a few days later. His fellow-passengers included H.H. Prince Chula Chakra Bongse of Siam with Princess Chakra of Siam, and H.H. Prince Birabongse of Siam with his charming English-born wife; also Sir Alan Burns, Sir William Strang and Mr. Richard Button, the figure-skating champion, who went straight on to Switzerland, accompanied by his mother, to practise for the forthcoming Olympic Games.

From Australia came the Earl of Scarbrough in time to spend Christmas with his family in their Yorkshire home. Mrs. Andrew Fisher, widow of Mr. Andrew Fisher, who was Prime Minister of Australia three times, arrived from Melbourne on the Orient Line's Orion with her

daughter for a visit, and on the same ship came Mrs. Key from Melbourne, who is president of the Woollies Appeal there, and has come to this country to discuss and supervise their distribution. Other passengers were Mrs. James Kidd, of Kootingal, N.S.W., who is visiting friends, Mrs. R. G. Stanham, wife of Lt.-Gen. Stanham, who had been to visit her mother, Mrs. Macarthur Onslow, widow of the late Major-Gen. the Hon. J. W. Macarthur Onslow, of Menangle, N.S.W., and Fr. de Trafford, who has now returned to Downside Abbey after a very interesting visit to Australia.

AMONG those who have left Britain for sunnier climes, and often combining business with pleasure, is that great traveller Viscount Bledisloe, who although in his eighty-first year left England just before Christmas with his wife on a goodwill mission to South Africa and Southern Rhodesia on behalf of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas sail to-morrow for Brazil and the Argentine, and will be away five or six weeks. South Africa has been the choice of many people this winter, including Clare Countess Cowley, who hopes to return to her delightful Wiltshire home in the late spring, the Earl and Countess of Stair, Dame Emmeline Tanner, Sir John Barlow, Lady Stanley, Sir Campbell Mitchell-Cotts, the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde, Admiral

Sir George and Lady Chetwode, Lord and Lady Belper, Lord and Lady McGowan, and the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who sailed early in the New Year after entertaining a family party at Belvoir Castle. The lovely young Duchess had the misfortune to be robbed of some of her beautiful jewels the night before she left.

Another young couple who have been travelling this winter are the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, who have travelled by air visiting Uganda, Southern Rhodesia and Kenya. Other visitors to Kenya this winter include the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, who came on from visiting relatives in America. (His mother was Miss Consuelo Yznaga, of Louisiana, U.S.A.) The Duke bought a farm in Kenya a couple of years ago, which his eldest son, Viscount Mandeville, helps him to work. They are building up a fine herd of cattle, and the Duke has now arranged to import some of the pedigree cattle from his English herd. As a hobby he is very keen on colour photography, for which he has plenty of scope in that part of the country.

Prince and Princess de Mahé have been staying at the very up-to-date and comfortable Outspan Hotel at Nyeri with their two young daughters, while they are looking round for somewhere to make their home in Kenya. Also staying there to visit his sister-in-law, Lady Bettie Walker, is Capt. Charles Moore, the tall, genial manager of H.M. the King's thoroughbred stud, who flew out there with his son, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, I heard last week, was planning to fly out to stay with Lord Francis Scott, who has a farm in Kenya, where he has lived for many years. Lord Francis was home last summer for the wedding of his younger daughter Moyra, widow of Major Hugo Tweedie, to Major David Smiley.

Other airborne travellers were Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony, who flew out to Gibraltar for Christmas and came back at the end of last week, and Lord and Lady Brabourne, who flew out to India to spend Christmas with her parents, Earl and Countess Mountbatten, in New Delhi, and will be out there until the end of this month.

**F**ARTHER afield to New Zealand have gone Sir Alexander and Lady Mackenzie Livingstone, who will be away about six months, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Keith and Lady Park. Sir Keith, who is a New Zealander by birth, is going out to further the interest of British aircraft in that part of the world, and hopes to be back in a year. Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks are two others visiting New Zealand. Their trip also covers a stay in Australia, where other visitors this winter include Viscount Nuffield, Lord and Lady Rotherwick and Sir Leslie and Lady Wilson.

When the Queen Elizabeth sailed on her first trip to New York in the New Year her passengers included the Earl of Sefton and his American-born wife, who before they left had been entertaining a series of friends to shoot at Croxteth. Other passengers were the Earl of Carnarvon, Viscount and Viscountess Esher, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, who was returning to visit relations and friends in her native country, Noel Coward, Viscount and Viscountess Templewood, Sir Sholto Douglas, who was created a peer in the New Year Honours list, and Lady Douglas. Several Members of Parliament were taking advantage of the recess to fit in short visits, and also on the Queen Elizabeth this trip were Major Everard Gates, the Member for Middleton and Prestwich, Major-Gen. Maclean, M.P. for Glasgow, and Mr. John Dugdale, M.P. for West Bromwich, who is Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.

Capt. Alwyne Compton, the young Laird of Invercauld, has, I hear, gone out to Jamaica, where two former women M.P.s, Mrs. Cazalet Keir and Mrs. Irene Ward, went by air. This proved rather an uncomfortable trip, as they met with bad weather after leaving the Azores for Bermuda, and all the passengers, dressed for the climate of Bermuda, found themselves in Gander, Newfoundland, with seasonal snow on the ground! Mrs. Cazalet Keir has gone to her house at Dry Harbour, Jamaica, which has the fascinating name "Out of the Blue."

On the same plane to Jamaica went Mrs. Bea Davis, making her first visit to the West Indies, where her lovely clothes and great chic are sure

to be admired among the influx of visitors to that part of the Empire this winter; and Lord Tweedsmuir, who was on a business trip to Kingston at the invitation of the Imperial Association of Jamaica, and went as representative of the Conservative Imperial Committee of the House of Lords. Unfortunately, his date of departure meant him missing a family gathering for the christening of his infant niece Deborah, the little daughter of the Hon. William and Mrs. Buchan, which took place at St. Columbus, Pont Street, followed by a small family tea-party at the William Buchans' charming London home in Hampstead. There I met the baby's grandmother, Lady Tweedsmuir, the Hon. Mrs. Alistair Buchan, and Miss Seymour Taylor, who shared the responsibilities of a godparent with the Hon. Mrs. Mervyn Horder, Mr. James Cecil and Mr. Philip Bagby, of the U.S. Foreign Service, who could not be present as he is sitting with the Commission now in Eritrea.

**A**FTER enjoying a very good performance of *Peter Grimes* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, I had a delicious supper in the crush bar under the new scheme which they call "Supper performances." These have been arranged for six alternate Tuesday evenings as an experiment to facilitate the problem of meals for members of the audience who find it difficult to arrange food after the performance and appreciate the opportunity of having supper in the foyer of the Opera House. There is an inclusive charge for seats for the performances and supper afterwards.



Hay Wrightson

**T**he Countess of Erroll, who is the twenty-third holder of the title in her own right of the Earldom created in 1453, is Hereditary High Constable of Scotland and succeeded her father in 1941. She is married to Capt. R. I. K. Moncreiffe, Scots Guards, who is heir-presumptive to Sir David Moncreiffe, Bt. The diamond cipher jewel (W.R.) which the Countess is wearing on her hat was given by William IV. to his daughter, who was the wife of the eighteenth Earl

**A** TRULY international cast of amateur players took part in a play written by Monsieur B. des Aubrys, a well-known member of the French colony in London (who writes under the name of Bernard de Vastan), which was presented for the first time on the stage at the French Institute in aid of the Skolt Lapp Relief Fund. The play was *The Amazing Story of a Jade Necklace*, with eleven scenes, starting in a throne room in India, then to the middle of the African jungle, and on to the Queen's apartments in the Louvre at the end of the sixteenth century, and ending up in

a present-day drawing-room in Belgrave Square.

Professor Saurat played the important part of the inconsequent Friar Eusebius splendidly. Count Alexander Czernin had two widely varying parts in those of the hangman and a foreign diplomat, which he played with quiet assurance; Robert Crotchet, the Swiss writer who has done so much hard work to help the Fund, was a realistic and terrifying cannibal; Prince Michael Obolensky was excellent as a very modernistic artist surrounded by a collection of weird paintings in a very amusing scene with a witty and exotic poetess who was in reality Mme. des Aubrys, wife of the author. Others in the cast included the author's very pretty married daughter, Mrs. Miura, and her younger sister, Maya des Aubrys, Countess Nora Wydenbruck and Count Bobrinskoy, a descendant of Catherine the Great of Russia, who was an impressive Napoleon. The only professional actor taking part was Eric Maturin, who played the part of an old gentleman. The clothes were excellent throughout, especially the period costumes.

The entire proceeds from the evening's entertainment will go towards buying reindeer and fishing-nets so badly needed by the Skolt Lapps, whose population numbers only a few hundreds.

Among those I noticed in the audience were Mrs. Beddington Behrens, Lady Davson, Prince and Princess Galitzine, Monsieur and Mme. Bohn, and the Finnish Counsellor and Mme. von Knoring.

**E**ACH day appeals reach me for many good causes. It is impossible to include them all, and I pick out two which I am sure will reach the hearts of many kind readers. Firstly there is the British Women's Appeal for Women and Children in India and Pakistan, countless numbers of whom are undergoing acute suffering and privation as the result of the tragic events of the past months. Hundreds of thousands have been uprooted from their homes in the vast migration from east to west and west to east. Thousands of children in both dominions have been orphaned and are in dire need of food, shelter and medical supplies. Contributions should be marked "Women and Children" and sent to the British Red Cross Society, 14, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

Recently I went to a meeting which Mrs. Warren Pearl held to tell her friends about the Distressed Gentlefolks Aid Association, which this year commemorates its Jubilee, and to mark this the Association is appealing for funds to establish and maintain nursing homes for elderly people who become ill or infirm. Hospitals cannot admit these people owing to the shortage of beds and staff, and the ordinary nursing home is far beyond their means. The homes are for nursing, care and rest for both elderly men and women, and not hospital treatment, and therefore will not come under the National Health Bill. All contributions for this very good cause can be sent to Mrs. Warren Pearl at the Association's headquarters, 74, Brook Green, London, W.6.

**A**MONG the photographs we recently published of the Cambridge University Conservative Ball was one captioned "Lt. Ian Easdale and Miss Phyllis Rodgers," the names supplied to us by the photographic agency. This was not a photograph of Mr. Easdale and Miss Rodgers, and we apologise for any inconvenience this may have caused them.



Pearl Freeman  
**Mrs. Scott-Elliott**,  
of Arkleton, is the wife of Mr. Walter Travers Scott-Elliott, M.P. for Accrington. Her husband is the eleventh Laird of Arkleton, Dumfriesshire. Mrs. Scott-Elliott was formerly Baroness von Groeller

## Supper at Covent Garden

An innovation at the Royal Opera House, the provision of six "Subscription Suppers" on alternate Tuesdays during the season, is being very well supported



Mr. C. Gordon, Miss Pamela May, Mr. Leslie Edwards and Miss Margot Fonteyn, were "first (supper) nighters." The opera was "Peter Grimes"



Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, who is a daughter of the second Lord Joicey



Sir George and Lady Franckenstein. Sir George was Austrian Minister in London from 1920-38



The Danish Ambassador, H.E. Count Eduard Reventlow, Countess Brockenhuis-Shack and Mrs. G. C. Ingram



Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer. Sir Anthony, who is the third baronet, succeeded his father in 1935.



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Thesiger and Mr. Anthony Gishford were all enjoying the excellent supper



Countess Brockenhuis-Shack, Count Brockenhuis-Shack, Mr. Henningsen, Countess Eduard Reventlow, H.E. Count Eduard Reventlow and his daughter, Mrs. Bruun



Miss Constance Shacklock, Princess Colonna, Mr. Eric Mitchell, Mrs. Conrad Abrahams and Prince Colonna were another party in the Crush Bar

Swaebe



A pause for refreshment during the ball, which has been held annually since 1914 save for the interruption of war:- Miss Diana Watson, W/Cdr. J. Dowling, R.A.A.F., Miss Susan Osborne, Lt. Tim Workman, Mr. Colin Townsend-Rose, Miss Birte Qvistgaard, from Denmark, Mr. Richard Creach Osborne, Miss Pamela Hume and Capt. and Mrs. John Townsend-Rose

## The Spinsters' Ball at Brockenhurst, Hants.



Miss Mary Rose Barnard dancing with Lord Montagu of Beaulieu



The Hon. Caroline Scott-Montagu, elder sister of Lord Montagu, and Mr. Anthony Bibby



The Hon. Sally Ann Vivian, Lord Vivian's daughter, and the Hon. John Roper Curzon



Miss Barbara Stewart, Lt. J. Coundley, R.N.R., Miss Elizabeth Victor-Jones, Capt. Stuart Tomson, Miss Jacqueline Coombe and Capt. Guy Scotter



Lady Teynham, Mr. John Morant, son of Lady Kathleen Hare, and Mrs. Morant, Lord Teynham and Lady Vivian

Tasker, Press Illustrations



## Priscilla in Paris

### The New Year Sets In

I WISH we could change the calendar. There is nothing "new" about this time of the year. Our eyelids may not be "heavy and red," but we are certainly "weary and worn" and pretty near to dressing "in unwomanly rags" after the worries and struggles of the past few months. The "New" Year ought to start in September, when, fresh from the summer holidays, we are more fit to cope with our troubles, great and small.

People are running around in circles trying to puzzle out exactly how they will stand (or, more likely, fail) with the new taxation. I find the language in which the latest edicts are couched almost incomprehensible, while the six words that I do understand are particularly exasperating. "*Les signes extérieurs de la richesse*," or "the exterior signs of wealth," are to be taxed beyond belief. And what are these "exterior signs"? Among them one finds cars, servants and country houses; all these without distinction. The car may be twenty years old; the servant, in the course of years, may have become one of the family, and the country house may be a bomb-torn affair for which, as yet, no war damages have been awarded—and probably never will be. Nevertheless, such, in the eyes of Authority, are the signs of bloated, taxable living.

PETROL has gone up from 21 francs a litre to 27, but there we score, because there is no petrol for the poor white trash that is the average taxpayer. All the juice goes to the Government cars, the Army and the nationalised radio staff; with just a small—very, very small—modicum for the medical profession.

All very merry and gay. We try to console ourselves by thinking that this is Leap Year, when, we hope, quite a few hitherto hardened bachelors will meet their Waterloo, which, of course, will be a pleasant way of spitting in the tax-collector's eye.

I am being rung up a dozen times a day just now by golden lads and lasses, play-creatures who wear out the brass foot-rails of bars and

keep the beauty parlours busy. They all want to know if they may say that they are my secretary and thus evade the tax that threatens them. I dare not set down, on this fair and glossy page, the curt and, surely, very understandable rudeness of my reply.

But enough of these gloomy meanderings. Where are my other spectacles? Not the rose-coloured ones that I have not quite enough courage to use, but those that are faintly tinted with the optimism that lurks, *malgré tout*, in the belief that nothing is ever quite so bad as it appears.

NEW YEAR duties took me recently to the Palais de l'Élysée, where President and Mme. Vincent Auriol have given their yearly fête—toys, cakes and chocolate—to some of the poor children of Paris. I admired the new façade of the Élysée. The horrible "monkey cage" (for so it had come to be called), a hideous veranda made of glass that was built on, across

the frontage, by the order of President Carnot in 1888, has been removed, together with the ugly station clock that was such an anachronism. The beautiful seventeenth-century building, erected by the architect Claude Mollet for the Marquise de Pompadour, has thus been restored to its original aspect, though a good many years must still elapse before the patina of time mellows the replaced, newly-cleaned columns and steps of the *grande entrée*.

I would have liked to have seen also the modern kitchens that have been installed in place of the blackbeetle-haunted, dingy underground caverns that have served till now. It is said that everything has been "done over," white-tiled and "electrified." One sighs with envy... but one also wonders what happens on the days when the current is "off"? If rain continues to fall as it has been falling for several days now, the "cuts" will no doubt be less frequent, and struggling housewives will be getting their electric irons and kettles out of pawn.

SUCH a lovely story is making the rounds of Paris about the two well-known writers Jacques Natanson and Marcel Achard, who, without his spectacles, is exceedingly short-sighted. They were out together in Marcel Achard's car and Achard was driving. The rain was falling in torrents, and every now and again, with a nerve-racking swerve, Achard, who likes to drive in the middle of the road, would dodge an oncoming car by the skin of the paint on the wings.

"We'll be having an awful crash soon if you don't switch on the windscreen-wiper!" gasped Natanson. "What's the good?" answered Achard. "I've left my specs at home!"

Claude Dauphin, his wife, Rosine Derean, Coco Aslan, Simone Paris, and several other clever young people are appearing in an enchanting little comedy at the tiny Théâtre de l'Ouvre, which is to be found half-way up to Montmartre. The title is *Homard à l'Américaine*. British visitors to Paris who understand French should not miss this, but... are there any B.V.s to P. in these hard times?



Raoul Jobin, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera (third from left), at a reception in his honour in New York, where he had just given a recital in the Town Hall. The reception was sponsored by M. Paul Beaulieu (left), Minister of the Province of Quebec. The others are Mr. Thomas A. Stone, Canadian Minister to the U.S., and Mr. Edward Johnson (right), who is the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Association

## A Gay New Year's Eve Party in Brook Street



Mr. A. Emerton, from South Africa, Miss Geraldine O'Brien, Miss Roberta Joyce and Lt.-Col. E. A. Poulton were four of the guests



With traditional singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the New Year is welcomed in at midnight at the celebration arranged by the Orchid Room



Miss Audrey Whysall and Mr. David Harries were two others who enjoyed this amusing and vivacious party



Two United States visitors, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bird, came in very attractive fancy-dress



Miss Jane Woodroffe and Capt. John Poe enter into the spirit of the occasion



Mr. Harold Mosenthal, Mr. Robert Nesbitt, the author and producer, Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. Mosenthal



Mr. Hugh Smythe, Mrs. Diana Mottez, Mr. Sermen, of the Turkish Embassy, and Major Derek Hall-Caine



*Celia Johnson as St. Joan:* "They told me you were fools, and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust your charity"

## A BRILLIANT REVIVAL OF "ST. JOAN"

THE Old Vic Company's revival at the New Theatre of Bernard Shaw's finest play is beautifully acted and produced. Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson have in recent years at this theatre raised the art of acting to the plane of greatness, and now, as a woman, Celia Johnson shows that she is made of the same mettle. There are many facets to this essentially complex part, made up as it is of the rough country girl and the visionary, demanding great acting ability, charm and extraordinary simplicity, and the beautiful integrity of Celia Johnson's performance

holds all these elements in perfect balance. As the cowardly yet often logical Dauphin, Alec Guinness gives one of those brilliant character studies of the ridiculous tinged with pathos which he can do so well. John Clement's Dunois, Mark Dignam's vehement Bishop, Peter Copley's sincere Brother Martin, and Bernard Miles's uncouth country squire and austere Inquisitor are among a crowd of fine performances, while the production by John Burrell is consummately well-handled. Michael Warre designed the very effective scenery, and the striking medieval costumes are by Alix Stone



*Harry Andrews as the Earl of Warwick*



*Bernard Miles as the Inquisitor*



*John Clements as Dunois*



*Alec Guinness as the Dauphin: "What is the good of sitting on the throne when the other fellows give all the orders? However, here is the King for you!"*

*Photographs by John Vickers*



"The quiddity . . . of the British Pantomime as an art-form"

[Decorations  
by Wysard]

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By . . .

**T**HREE is a great deal of bigamy in Birmingham," remarked the judge at Birmingham Assizes recently, without however accounting for the flourishing local condition of this major British sport. Possibly it is connected with the fact that large quantities of bicycles are made in Birmingham?

Bigamy and bicycling in Birmingham; bigamy and music in Manchester, where—one of that city's most eminent refugees assured us recently—there is nothing to do after 8 p.m. but add to one's collection of wives and/or attend a Hallé concert. This world-famous orchestra naturally discourages bigamy to the best of its ability (he added) but can hardly keep a check on the bigamous music-lovers of Manchester as they pour in with their wives. This conversation ensued:

"How do you account for the local connection between these two hobbies?"

"Well, the Manchester habit of laying down the law may explain it. A man with two or three wives can dogmatise for several hours on a Brahms symphony without contradiction, taking each wife in turn."

"It must be hell."  
"It is."

Hence equally (he thought) those letters to the *Guardian* laying down the law about Europe. Behind each letter there may be two, three, or even four exhausted and spiritless women of no great attraction, dully polishing their master's boots and talked practically deaf by a brassy voice. Ah, *pauvreites*!

### Chic

To buy up British Transport 3 per cent. at 97 on the London Stock Exchange you still have to assume a topper and a morning coat, apparently, as the Treasury stockbroker did the other day. Very old men will tell you this was once the only possible regalia in which to buy even Bongo-Bongo "B" at 25, water and all.

Glossy voluptuous toppers they were—what the French call *huit reflets*—and the Stock Exchange boys removed them only to sing "God Save the King" on Derby Day, to greet and conquer women, and to mop their brows while trying to think up longer and lewder stories. All this pageantry vanished at the beginning of World War I, and with it that gay diablerie which enchants Myra Ferrars in *Endymion*:

She was much diverted by the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, so acute, so audacious, and differing

so much from the merchants in the style even of their dress, and in the ease, perhaps the too great facility, of their bearing. They called each other by their Christian names, and there were allusions to practical jokes . . .

Our first visit to the New York Stock Exchange some time ago revealed that those dashing boys had long since lost their legendary zip also. Round the marble floor of Mammon's vast basilica they moved as glumly and primly as if the word "saucy" had never been hurled at the stockbroking racket by rumpled blondes. They looked in fact like a gang of Chelsea Bohemians on the razzle. No offence.

### Gamble

How any of the bluenosed brethren raising a violent recent squawk against a mild proposal to revive State lotteries—so profitable to the Exchequer—can pass the British Museum without howls of rage we can't imagine.

The Museum was founded in 1753 by a huge State lottery directed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in person; for at that date the Race's moral guardians had not decided that gambling is a sin except for the rich and for Cabinet Ministers, whose little secret flutter in American Marconi shares in 1912, the last to date, is still a laughable memory among the senile. The public indignation of one of their number before the gaff was blown by Maxse and Cecil Chesterton ("rumours passing from one foul lip to another") is one of the most hilarious incidents in our Rough Island Story. On looking up the newspaper-files one even finds a leading puritan of the period roaring in his agony: "Corruption is the Achilles heel of the Liberal Party!", amid inextinguishable mirth from all and sundry. Nothing is more instructive and amusing, as Kipling remarked, than the Files.

### Afterthought

If it were our job to tackle the bluenoses on the lottery issue we'd use his Grace of Canterbury as a ruthless trump-card. Of two things one, as French pedants say. If his Grace really performed a naughty deed in 1753, then the British Museum is a lair of bestiality,

and the baldheaded venerables browsing under the Dome should be driven out and the place pulled down.

Get cracking, *cafards*.

### Boy

A N unfortunate drama-critic asked by a foreign visitor to explain the quiddity as the logic boys say, of the British Pantomime as an art-form went nearly nuts during that process, we observe with sympathy. Nobody can explain the British Pantomime.

One can perhaps explain the Principal Boy to some extent. She derives directly from what the professors delicately refer to as the "male soprano" stars of Eighteenth Century operas. Those melodious boys ran to chests and hips also, as one perceives from contemporary prints of Nicolini, Carestini, Annibali, and a few more, and were as conceited and jealous as any scientist. How one gets from there to the heaving opulent bosom of Robinson Crusoe we wouldn't know, and are far too nice-minded to inquire. Our chief criticism is that no reality of any kind is ever connected with anything these babies say or do, or we might at least get a bit of business-method out of (e.g.) Lori-Mayor-Elect Dick Whittington on Highgate Hill. Thus:



On, on, my faithful Pussy!  
We are late!  
Hark to the bells; "Sell out  
at 48!"  
Come, let us plunge into some  
first-class racket,  
And skin the suckers, Puss,  
and make a packet!  
I long to see Sir Nero down  
the drain,  
And swing some nifty mergers  
once again (etc.).

Pink silk tights for mergers. A swing of the hips when watering stock. Saucy lyrics for amalgamation of subsidiary companies or reshuffled directorships. Sorry, Sir Richard is in conference—can't you hear his top-note?

### Tsigane

THAT recent fuss over the gypsies squatting in the New Forest will recall to every lover of the enigmatic Romany the tender old warning:

Where my caravan has rested,  
Flowers I leave you on the grass;

If you understood their message  
You would look an awful ass;  
A-a-a-aah!

Thus cynically have the Cali often fooled the Gorgio at the crossroads, we guess, and George Borrow especially; though as Borrow was one of the major liars of the age he naturally deceived the Race on this point. It seems that the New Forest gypsies don't go down very well with the Hampshire locals, and this crossroads-patteran business may well be the secret. Fevered by the flashing eyes of some handsome young Romany, the village maid steals to where his caravan has rested and finds the expected faded bunch of wild-flowers and twigs tied roughly together. It merely signifies "Pieface, you give yours-truly the sicks," but from the ingle-nook gnarled aged men with hideous faces point at her in scorn, deeming her to have been a Diddicoy's Fancy.

"Gorm'ee vor a snouzling grummit!"  
"Vair mazed she be wi' arl his flubbery!"  
"Er be naün but a girt gollopin' wasket!"

However, she doesn't weep and wilt nowadays, we guess; notebook on knee, she's taking it all down for her next novel, in which the gypsy is hero and her aged critics among the villains, indescribably base, mucky, bigamous, homicidal, lewd, and revolting. "This stark, brave, vibrant *exposé* of authentic English country life. . . ." (Ima Purge in the *Daily Snoop*.)

#### Sandbag

"PITY the satirist!" cried a chap recently, quoting the printed censure of a clergyman, newly returned from Spain, to the effect that the bullfight is "utterly un-British." And indeed it is difficult for any major satirist from Juvenal to Evelyn Waugh to compete with jewels like that.

Observe that any attempt to paint such a lily (e.g. "—and one can hardly imagine Queen Victoria behaving in the arena like Belmonte") merely kills it dead. So does any attempt to enrich it with footnotes, e.g. on the kindred but much safer Island sport of bull-baiting, abolished a century ago. It's perfect as it stands; the fact being that Auntie Life is always stealing up with a sandbag thus and knocking the satire boys cold. One minor example is the story of the Fleet Street journalist who was leaving his office at lunchtime when his powerful overlord rang up, and reverently snatched off his hat before replying to that godlike voice. This is no invention. We used to know the chap concerned. He saw nothing comic in it.

One more example, more beautiful, is that mirific letter to the *Spectator* (November 1940) urging the bombing of Rome, a literary gem happily preserved by Sir Osbert Sitwell in his memoirs for the admiration of Posterity. Caliban is always with us; but not always so entrancingly.

#### Buddies

NOTHING in the jungle being more ferocious than a little actress crouching for a spring, we weren't surprised to hear the familiar cry "Over my dead body nobody (? somebody) else plays that part!" quoted in a recent theatrical action in the Courts.

Can these red-nailed babies be tamed? Oddly enough we happened to be glancing shortly afterwards through an old comedy called *The Rovers*, which opens with two little charmers of the stage meeting for the first time in a wayside inn. Within exactly five (5) minutes what do you think happens?

MATILDA: A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal friendship!

CECILIA: Let us agree to live together!

MATILDA: Willingly! Let us embrace! (they embrace).

And there they are, buddies for life, so far as any women can be buddies for life; or anyway until halfway through Act I. This shows it can be done, though few habitués of the Ivy will believe it. As a leading feminist—we protested publicly some time ago against a suggestion that all women should be shot—our conviction is that the way some of those sweethearts put up with their bitterest friends is little short of marvellous (Exit hastily, through gap in hedge).

## EMMWOOD'S New Series

### THE WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 3)

Although comparatively small, this bird is apt to strike terror into much more imposing members of its species—an effect often compared to that of a hawk upon a flock of barnyard fowls



#### The Tuttled Trier Bird—or Parti Parrot

(Whateva-Usaiclem)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above all red; the bird has a very distinctive tuft, or curlicue, at extremities of the head; beak squat and bulky; tufted at rear of the mandibles; neck feathers white and very stiff; body feathers and coverts black, white at extremities; shanks striped; feet well-placed and nimble.

**HABITS:** This raucous little bird has been a constant nester in Westminster for a great number of years, in spite of many attempts to dislodge it from its favourite perch—or bench. It is a broody little bird and will sit for long hours without disclosing any sign of life. At other times, however, it will leap to its feet, and, with a great flapping of

its wings, utter its harsh, shrill "cry, a kind of "Itmiteuvbinwurz—Itmiteuvbinwurz!" It then returns to its perch. The bird is very clever at imitating the call of other members of the species. The Trier Bird feeds chiefly on Bluebirds, but, being an ambitious little bird, has, more often than not, bitten off more than it can chew. This contretemps causes the Trier Bird to become very red around the mandibles and extremely broody.

**HABITATS:** The bird is found, almost exclusively, around Westminster and environs. Its call, however, is to be frequently heard in Fleet Street, where it is known as the daily herald of the morning.



*The Taunton Vale Harriers met recently at Impens Farm, North Petherton, by the invitation of Mr. A. A. Broughton. The hunt was formed in 1842 and was then known as the Taunton Hunt. During the war the pack was kept going with great difficulty and was limited at one time to seven couples. The kennels are at Henlade, Taunton. Photographed at the meet are Mr. Frederick William Willmott, Master since 1945, Mr. A. A. Broughton, his son Mr. Geoffrey Broughton, his daughter Mrs. J. Clyde Smith, and Ronald Chetwynd, the Whip.*

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

A COMPARATIVELY short time ago it would have been considered the height of rudeness, if not, indeed, Viceregal *lise-majesté*, to give the pet-name "Proconsul" to even the most distinguished ape; but this is what Dr. A. T. Hopwood did to the jawbone and some bits and pieces of the ankle of a Miocene Mönk, who is held to be our nearest relation and who departed this life in Kenya, near Lake Victoria.

"Proconsul," whose country is again being quartered by the scientists, was a person of discrimination from what I have heard recently of his home town from someone who spent Christmas there. "All bananas, palms, lovely birds and forests and the most wonderful little hotels kept by English people, each a group of small bungalows with excellent bathrooms attached, and you get them in batches about 100 or 150 miles apart"—a mere nothing on good roads with as much petrol as you want. You can go on from this place to the Murchison River to see the big game in the Reserve: "hundreds of elephants, rhino, buffalo and, of course, crocs and monkeys in swarms."

My lucky friend who visited "Proconsul's" Paradise says: "They [the crocs, lions, and so forth] cross the road in front of your car, and I wanted to do a sketch, but they seemed to think one might get bitten by a lion or walked on by an elephant." And all this in a climate second to none, with food made to match and no ration-books!

### The Busy Jumpers

No one can complain that the steeplechase horses on both sides of the Irish Sea are keeping us short of information, and from the number of good-class animals that have already earned the necessary ticket for the Grand National, it does not look as though there was any likelihood of the new conditions cutting down the size of the field to any appreciable extent. The all-round quality is bound to be higher than usual, which is one of the main objects the stewards of the N.H.C. had in view when they reframed the race. The entry date was January 6th, so I am afraid that the list will elude me, since these notes have to be signed, sealed and delivered before it is possible to see it.

The most recent bits and pieces of information come from Cheltenham, where Silver Fame still further endorsed the good opinion so many of us have held of him since his performance in the 1947 Grand National. To give 19 lbs. to a goodish horse like Unconditional Surrender

and stretch him for dead is a further assurance worth having. It is good news to learn that he is to miss the Gold Cup, which I have always believed is too close-on-to-the National. He is such a good one that he is worth saving for the big prize, and no one will better deserve to win it than his owner.

Lord Bicester could start a whole fleet of them if he so desired, but I should think that Silver Fame and Roimond are all that he will need, and I am sure that the former will take all the beating that the best can give him. Everyone, of course, has his own ideas as to what a Grand National horse ought to look like, but this one fills one eye, at any rate!

### Other Cheltenham Happenings

THE next most interesting one to Silver Fame's performance was the win in the three-mile hurdle race by Major Vaughan's Charles Edward. He has an astounding amount of speed for one that does not look like it, and we know that he can jump the bigger obstacles. On November 25th he won quite comfortably over the Bromford Bridge fences at Birmingham, which are not as accommodating as they are at some of the Park courses. Charles Edward clouted one of them pretty hard, and if he tries the same thing at Aintree he will be for it for a certainty. You can't do that there there!

Bar that his win in the four-mile Stayers' Chase qualified Weevil for the National, I should think that the best thing to do before trying to back him would be to wait. He won a 2½-mile 'chase at Kempton on Boxing Day, and then this long one at Cheltenham four days later, so he is obviously a glutton for work; but I think he needs telling that the Aintree fences are real armfuls and full of fight. He beat a fairly good field on both occasions, and they went a sound gallop all the way in the long 'chase. This horse does not at the moment look to me to come out from under his rider's hands quite as he should. However, there you are—four miles with 11 st. 11 lbs.! He is obviously as game as a pebble.

### From Ireland

JUST some cursory notes from a wise little man who, I should think, must have been born out fox-hunting. He says, concerning the recent happenings at Leopardstown, that Cottage Rake, the Irish Cesarewitch winner, is the best cut of a 'chaser that he has seen for

many a day, and that not only can he jump and stay, but has a great turn of foot. He says that the going at Leopardstown was holding enough to stop a train; that Caughoo is nothing like ready, so we must take no notice of his backwardness in coming forward in that three-mile event on Boxing Day. He does not try to knock Caughoo off the pedestal that his Grand National so justly won him, but he warns us not to believe that he is the best steeplechase horse in Ireland, "because we have plenty better." It would seem that we are in for a thinner time than ever at Aintree, because we rather thought that Caughoo was a very good one.

### Cromwellian Regiments

SO many interesting letters upon the claims of regiments of the Parliamentary Army to date their seniority from the time when they were embodied have come in that it is quite impossible to find space for them all. All the writers, however, are emphatic that the claim is justified. One letter from a senior officer, now on the retired list, who desires anonymity, points out that Colonel Upton Crook's Regiment of Horse (forebears of The Blues) was an embodied unit of Cromwell's Ironside Cavalry a long time before Naseby (June 14th, 1645) and probably before Marston Moor (July 2, 1644); and that of the infantry, the regiment first known as Monck's Foot (after their Colonel, George Monck) and now familiar to us as the Coldstream Guards, was formed in 1650 from companies taken from Weldon's and Herbert's Battalions of the New Model Army.

They first came under fire in their newly-established state at Dunbar on September 3rd, 1650, that occasion upon which Cromwell quoted the text, "Let God arise and His enemies be scattered," which, perchance, they were, David Leslie losing heavily in personnel, plus all his baggage and artillery. The Blues cannot be claimed as the Senior Household Cavalry regiment, for when their predecessors were formed they were "agin" the Household. On the other hand, Rupert's fine cavalry, the ancestors of the Life Guards, were in organised units quite as early as any Roundhead regiments, and at the outset were far superior. That the enthusiasm of their gallant commander cheated them of the full fruits of the hammering they gave their opposite numbers is beside the point, but actually it is probable that they are just as entitled to claim embodiment long before the Restoration as are any other regiments. The actual nucleus, we know, was formed in Holland.





**Frederick J. Leishman**, captain of the London Scottish XV. and an ex-Cambridge Blue, with his wife, who comes from Chicago. During the war he was a major in the Royal Engineers and played for B.A.O.R. He now works in the Foreign Office



**Anthony Venniker** is skipper of the St. Mary's Hospital team and plays for the Middlesex County side, the Barbarians. He comes from Pretoria, South Africa. His wife was Miss Wendy Whittall, a well-known show jumper, who hunts with the Old Berkeley



**Major and Mrs. K. H. S. Wilson.** Major Wilson, who captains the Army XV. this season, played scrum half for Scotland in 1945



**Gordon Hudson**, Gloucester's captain, also plays cricket for his county. He has played for England and the R.A.F. as a wing forward. His wife was a W.A.A.F. officer



**The English Schoolboys' Fifteen**, who won the annual International against Scotland by 11 points to 3 at Richmond. Standing: W. R. Mason, A. T. R. Walding, P. C. Carbutt, C. G. Wildsmith, I. P. Farmer-Wright, M. E. Thompson. Sitting: J. A. D. Wetenhall, T. R. Marshall, P. N. Wilson (captain), E. Wimperis, R. W. W. Dawe. On ground: R. E. Parslow, T. Russell, C. S. K. Ruck, J. C. Kail

D. R. Stuart

## Scoreboard



CAPT. CRUSOE'S  
Treble for the  
Cat Derby:  
Lemo, Tortie and  
Ginger. And, even  
as I gaze from my  
magic casement in  
the West Wing, the  
cows ooze into view  
on their daily Slow  
Race.

Fanny-by-Gaslight  
is in the lead; but,  
being an aristocrat,  
she doesn't want to

win, and waits for Annie III., who of course also stops, and dreams of her passionate youth. Then all stop, and admire each other from behind; and soon nothing moves, except a gentle breeze in the poplar-trees, and, less—obviously, this quaint old earth of ours.

### THE ENGLISHMAN AT PLAY, or JOY THROUGH STRENGTH.

*The golfer frowns at the easiest putts,  
And the boxer he loathes his seconds' guts,  
And the cricketer loves the game of cricket  
Much as the Blackleg loves the Picket.*

*And nothing so puts the gambler back  
As the sickening sight of the Red and Black,  
Except, I suppose, the triumphant face  
Of the partner who trumps his partner's ace.*

*And the huntsman detests the hunt like sin,  
And he'd sell all the hounds for a noggin of gin;  
For the huntsman's a bloke who'd rather swallow  
Than blow on a trumpet and howl "View Hollow."*

### CHORUS:

*It's a horrible hunting day;  
The wind's in the east  
And the rain hasn't ceas'd,  
So I fancy the least  
We can do is to say,  
As we lie in our bed  
Half-asleep and half-dead,  
It's a horrible horrible horrible  
horrible horrible hunting day.*

*The old Squire stood on the grandstand stair  
With ants in his pants and straw in his hair;  
He'd staked his all on the old grey mare,  
But his all was a shilling, so why should he care?*

Apologies. I didn't put that verse in. It just appeared. Like the beagle-hound at the Hunt Ball who, without even the courtesy of a collar, trotted across the parquet and said to the

marble-busted hostess, "The next but two is ours," then vanished into the buffet.

MOREOVER—as they always bellow when 672 partridges fly by your hat while you are admiring the sunset—moreover, when, in Test cricket, a little fun creeps into the funeral, with what hurricanes of horror do we slab-faced critics sweep it away. *Viz.*: Report from Australia v. India Test, at Melbourne—"H. Adikhari, over-confident, ran yards down the pitch and was easily stumped; a very unwise stroke in fading light and with only a few minutes left for play."

Fading light, forsooth! Unwise, ecod! What about our captain in a recent garden Test match, who, just before the moon rose, walked down the pitch to see if the bowler was still there, passed the ball without knowing it, was stumped by 22 yards, then went off to cook the supper?—Anyhow, atta Adikhari. Do it again next time.

DROPPING in, the other day, on Esperanto Jones, the International Sportsman, I found him in the centrally-cooled gymnasium of his Charlemagne flat, swinging one Indian club and looking for the other.

Over a glass of Bismuth-and-Bee-Wine he said: "Olympic Games? Yes. I shall be entering under the Panama colours and the North Queensferry rules. I have put my name down for the Pentathlon and the Pea-pushing, Greco-Roman? Perhaps. Swimming? No. The distances are too paltry for consideration. Might as well sit in a tin hip-bath. But to-morrow I start training for the Walking Backwards race. I shall take in coal at Grantham." And his braces twanged like a Gregorian chant.

Meanwhile, hats off to Lord Burghley, who has made the Olympic Games, 1948, possible.

LAST Thursday, the Quaritch Hunt got mixed up with our local shoot. Oh, what a to-do! Nothing like it has been seen since William Tell shot a goal in the Charity Cup Final of Tibet. Before you could say "Bob's supposed to be your uncle" Sir Humbleby Bumbleby, Bart., and La ("Breeches") Fowle-Kennel were mounted back to back on an 18-hand roan and firing over the heads of hounds. Hounds, excited, put up an absent-minded old rook which found sanctuary on La Fowle-Kennel's bustle.

At length, two Inspectors from the R.S.P.C.A. arrived in mufti on a borrowed tandem; when asked for their credentials, they could only produce the *New Statesman* and a few ambiguous pictures from Alexandria. Tally-ho. Your bird, I think, Brigadier.

R.C. Robertson of Glasgow.



*The Doge's Palace, Venice*, by R. P. Bonington, is one of the exhibits in four newly reopened rooms at the Tate Gallery containing works not previously shown to the public. It is believed to be the artist's largest painting, and was presented to the gallery by Mr. F. J. Netterfold. There are now ten rooms open at the Tate, out of the thirty-four which were damaged by bombs

*Elizabeth Bowen's*

# Book Reviews

"Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making"

"The Reprieve"

ARTHUR BRYANT'S *Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making* was first published by the Cambridge University Press in 1933—the tercentenary of Pepys' birth. It is the first volume of the famous Pepys trilogy, now taken over by Messrs. Collins—the next two, *The Years of Peril* and *The Saviour of the Navy*, are to follow "as soon as publishing exigencies permit."

Well printed inside nobly wide margins, wrapped in a panorama of Pepys' London, *The Man in the Making* costs 15s. It covers the years 1633-1669, and records, remarks Dr. Bryant, "a European War, a Fire of London, an Economic Crisis and a Revolution." It begins with Samuel's birth (having traced his forbears) and ends with his laying aside of the Diary, owing to bad sight, and the death of his immortalised wife Elizabeth.

Samuel Pepys [says the Preface] was the creator of three remarkable, and still surviving, things. The first, in the order of their making, was his Diary. The second was the civil administration of the Admiralty—the rule and order that still give permanence to the material form, fighting traditions and transmitted knowledge of the Royal Navy. A century after Pepys' death, at a time when his achievement as a diarist was unknown and his name almost forgotten, Lord Barham—the man who shares with him the honour of being England's greatest naval administrator—testified that there was not a department of the Admiralty that was not governed by the rules he had laid down in the seventeenth century. It was Pepys who made the scabbard for the sword that Nelson, and the heirs of Nelson, used.

Pepys' third creative achievement sprang from the second. He has been described as the father of the Civil Service. Here,

too, his orders hold. The rules he laid down and the administrative principles he elucidated have become part of the continuing life of his country. His family may have grown somewhat large of late, but it is still governed by the moral standards, integrity and traditions of inflexible service on which in his lifetime he insisted. . . .

Yet the work for which Pepys is best remembered and loved remains his Diary. It extends to over a million and a quarter words: the length of a dozen fair-size novels. . . . It is probably the most searching and honest record of a man's daily doings ever penned. It is also one of the most vivid.

\* \* \*

WHAT makes a man—or woman, for that matter—keep a diary? It is not only that the practice is habit-forming; it must be the outcome of some deep natural bent. If one were to line up the world's greatest diarists, would one, I wonder, find they had much in common? Or, rather, would the trait they must have in common be evident to the outsider's eye? What is it—a passion for the minutiae of existence for their own sakes, a need for confession, self-explanation or self-justification, a queer sense of complicity with one's own secret soul, or a sheer belief in the virtues of black-and-white—belief that anything

written down becomes objective, therefore more comprehensible? In the case of Samuel Pepys, a compost of all those motives might seem to have been at work.

He had certainly what I should take to be one prime characteristic of the diarist—he was intensely social, and yet set apart by oddities. Exactly how odd he *felt* I suppose it would be difficult to say. On the whole, he has left behind the impression of being sympathetic rather than admirable (in his private existence, that is to say). He married young; he remained, in spite of all peccadilloes, very much married, and, having given an unparalleled record of marriage seen from the inside, he remains the prototype of the married Englishman. He was of modest though respectable extraction (a City tailor's son, of East Anglian yeoman stock), self-made, and probably no more of a snob than the rest of us.

One notable point—Samuel was more or less constantly in what would these days be described as a state of conflict. Product of the bleakest Puritan upbringing, he was fascinated by wine, women and song. It was, no doubt, comparatively easy to be good (if not to feel good) under Cromwell's regime; but unhappily his predicament was increased by the Restoration, which splashed the scene with colour and general *joie de vivre* and, from the Puritan viewpoint, temptation of every kind.

\* \* \*

A s an amorist he certainly was phenomenal. His instincts, however, were at war not only with his conscience but his ambition: Dr. Bryant emphasises that the ruling element in him was caution—the immense wish of a fundamentally insecure person to consolidate himself and not to have his solidarity shaken. How

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

DER HIRT AUF DEM FELSEN was written in October 1828, the last year of Schubert's life. Anna Milder-Hauptmann, a famous singer of that period, asked him to compose a song for her so that she could display her voice. A clarinet obbligato was set down as further embellishment to the voice, and it is thought that Schubert had a particular clarinet player in mind when scoring this.

Be that as it may, His Master's Voice could not have found two better musicians to interpret this work in this day and age

than Miss Margaret Ritchie and Mr. Reginald Kell.

Miss Ritchie has shown her capabilities as a singer both on the concert platform and in Benjamin Britten's *Albert Herring* and *The Rape of Lucretia*. The accompaniment of Gerald Moore is handled with complete tact, and Reginald Kell does his share towards this gem beautifully. This is a record that will delight the most fastidious. (H.M.V. C.3688.)

Robert Tredinnick.

magnificently, and at what lasting gain to his country he did consolidate himself, one has to look at his executive side to see: he not only had a first-rate planning brain, but was an all-out worker. His wobbings were confined to his off-time.

One great merit of *Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making*, is, that it should correct for the mass of readers the prevailing popular, too popular, view of Pepys as a comic and nothing more. He serves himself up to us remorselessly in the Diary; Dr. Bryant has given balance to this study by drawing, also, on Pepys' vast collection of naval and administrative papers. In the main, Pepys is known by hearsay—for many of us he has had, up to now, the romantic-comic actuality of a character rather of fiction than of history. Cut out of his background, he has been caused to caper about in the imaginations of many people in a state of glorified simplification, simply as a character—in the sense that Mr. Micawber is a character. Out of, say, a hundred people who consider they know Pepys (from sheer force of so constantly hearing of him) only one, perhaps, has really read the Diary.

\* \* \*

To the actually very great complexities of the Pepys of the Diary, and to the executive importance of the Pepys who was a man of his time—and what a time!—Dr. Bryant does justice in this book. He provides, as it were, a frame for the inside picture Pepys gives of himself; but he does more—he analyses the picture. How much we gain, he points out, by what was really Samuel's ruling passion: a curiosity no less insatiable than the Elephant's Child's—that obsession as to the whys and wherefores, that indomitability which got him always to the spot where anything was or recently had been happening. Due to that, he plays, apart from everything else, the rôle of a movie camera in the years covered by the Diary. He leaves behind for us not only the minutiae of his own domestic existence, but the minutiae surrounding great events—such, for instance, as the return of the King.

As a Londoner, he was witness, and elected to become the unique recorder, of spectacles not less terrifying, not less sinister, not less apocalyptic than those of our own last ten years—he walked the streets of the Plague summer; he saw the Fire. Dr. Bryant depicts him after that great disaster:

Though Pepys might resume the even tenor of his ways—though he might walk abroad in fine clothes again . . . the background of his life was changed for ever. Around the Navy Office still stood the familiar houses, and at Westminster and at Whitehall there were trees and green grass and the wonted dwellings of men. But between the two lay a vast wilderness of horror. Walking or riding from Whitehall one approached it, as one visitor to London recalled, passing the untouched palaces of the nobility which still lined the south

side of the Strand. But once through Temple Bar and a double line of houses ended two hundred yards away in a desolation of blackened rubble and white ashes, stretching as far as the eye could see and broken only by the ruin of old St. Paul's and the tottering towers of churches. Here for many months, the stench and smoke of subterranean fires assailed the traveller, nor was it safe at night to pass by for fear of the lawless and homeless men who lurked among the shadows; half a year later when his Majesty's Clerk of the Acts had occasion to pass through the ruins, he sat in the coach with his sword drawn.

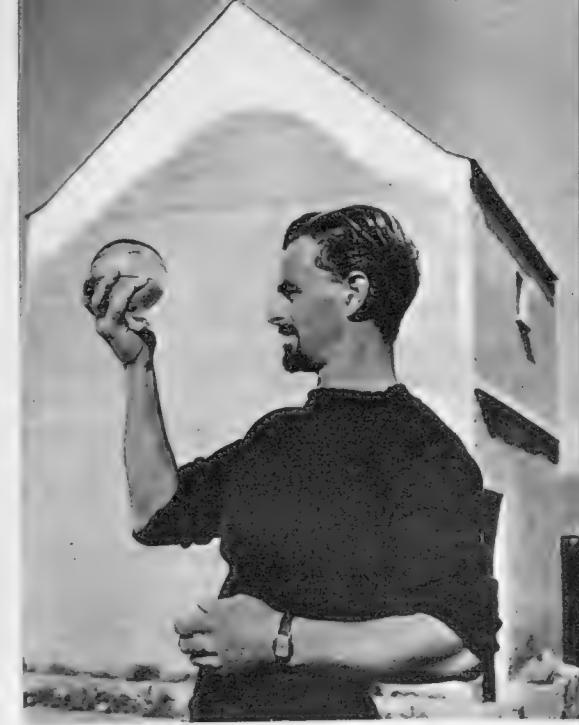
\* \* \*

**J**EAN-PAUL SARTRE, as a novelist, deals as thoroughly and inwardly with his characters as did Pepys, as diarist, with himself. *The Reprieve* (Hamish Hamilton; 10s.) is the second volume of the Sartre trilogy as a whole entitled *The Road to Liberty*. The first volume, *The Age of Reason*, appeared in this country last year. Good service is done for the Anglo-Saxon reader approaching the work of this French philosopher-novelist by the admirable translation of Eric Sutton—one has, in fact, little sense that one is reading a translation at all: an illusion in all cases desirable (though rare), and in this case, I think, particularly appropriate. Because, it is arguable that Jean-Paul Sartre should be considered as a European rather than specifically French writer; and, still more, as the portraitist and analyst of our century. For his undertaking, he has perfected a psychological language of his own; and this language is capable of transcending national speech. It is the language of a time rather than of a country—I am not, I hope, under-rating Mr. Sutton's accomplishment when I say that, also, a Sartre novel has a quality which translates itself.

It is possible to revel (if I may permit myself the expression) in a Sartre novel without grappling with Existentialism—which M. Sartre has evolved, sponsored and, I fancy, named. He is, in fact, one of the most readable living novelists I know—his pages being as visual and quick-moving as sequences in a first-rate film, and his characters not only deeply interesting but madly sympathetic. It is not that one particularly likes any of these people, but somehow one cannot hear too much about them—or, at least, I cannot. Not all novelists can hope to be M. Sartre (some, even sturdily, might prefer not to be), but would that more had this one of his particular gifts—a galvanisation of everything by intense excitingness.

\* \* \*

**T**HREE REPRIVE" seems to me a still better book than *The Age of Reason*. Several of the *Age of Reason* characters reappear; a large cast of others has been added. The subject of this new novel is, Munich week—a week in which, I think we would all agree, we reacted to the fear and idea of war more keenly than we did a year later. The reason for the



Gilbert Adams

**S**VEN BERLIN, a prominent member of the St. Ives Group of artists, has recently been showing sculpture and drawings at St. George's Gallery—his second London exhibition in a year. He is seen standing in front of his workshop studio on the edge of the Cornish cliffs examining a witchball picked up on the shore, which provides him with an endless source of subjects

title is obvious: "the reprieve" in question is the reprieve from war with which, on Friday, September 30th, 1938, the novel ends.

Reading, we live through that week of tension, day by day, hour by hour, in the all but simultaneous consciousness of a number of different persons in a number of different places. The effect of simultaneousness has been achieved by M. Sartre with immense skill, though not, from time to time, without entailing a certain confusion for the reader—not more than a colon, often, indicates that we are being whisked from one to another end of France, out of the interior of one personage into the interior of another.

*The Reprieve* is full of good-byes at railway stations (these are the days of the call-up) and train journeys; and there is an exceedingly rough crossing from North Africa. I should tell you that M. Sartre's thoroughness with regard to the sensations and actions of his characters stops at no point, and that, therefore, the novel abounds in physical incidents which some readers may find repellent, or at least, disconcerting.

## Winifred Lewis

ON

## Fashions.

**W**HETHER or not Mrs. Halsey's claim can be written off as pleasing literary lunacy, it is true that hat-consciousness has of late come to English women with a rush to the head. Stimulated perhaps by reaction from the "no-hat era" of the war, certainly by their immunity from the coupon complaint, hat-trends are more and more towards gaiety without eccentricity and good relations between the two hemispheres North and South.

Current high prices keep most of us from plunging recklessly with hats, but as if to prove that there is some good news in a dreary world, there is a concerted movement among good designers to produce exciting hats for the national market at price-levels compatible with sorely-strained purse-strings.

Aage Thaarup has already made the first splash with his inexpensive and satisfying "Teen and Twenty" hats for the younger woman, and Hugh

Beresford has plans of his own about which I hope to tell you more a little later. In the meantime the new hemline calls for a readjustment of ideas about hatlines. Paris is unanimous for the brimless model. Christian Dior tops his hour-glass silhouette with tiny hats precariously perched to one side in an exotic compromise between a pill-box and a Glengarry.

Speaking from London, Hugh Beresford endorses the rightness of the smaller hat for long skirts. Says that though small they should be important, and himself builds trimmings into a fantasia of flowers and feathers with the movement always in the direction of one side.

The asymmetrical movement calls for a change of hair styles. To balance the picture, headlines are sleek with short curls built up on the reverse side of the head to which the hat is perched.





Stock—Kirkwood

Lieut. Richard C. Stock, Royal Navy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stock, of Wimbledon, married Miss Sheila Kathleen Kirkwood, youngest daughter of Mr. J. M. Kirkwood and the late Mrs. Kirkwood of Sutton, Surrey, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Gheam

Bawtree, Sutton



Cowen—Clegg

Major Robin F. Huxley Cowen, M.B.E., second son of Dr. and Mrs. Huxley Cowen, of Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1, married Miss Rosemary Arden Clegg, only daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Clegg and Mrs. Clegg, of St. Cross, Winchester, at Winchester

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Walter—Cole

Mr. John Walter, Junior, elder son of the late Mrs. Walter and of Mr. John Walter, of Bear Wood, Berkshire, married Miss Florence Margaret (Waddy) Cole, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lowry A. C. Cole, of Sprowston Lodge, Rackheath, Norwich, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Stamer—Binnie

Sir Lovelace Anthony Stamer, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Lovelace Stamer, Bt., and of Lady Stamer, of Court Garden House, Uley, Glos., married Miss Stella Huguette Binnie, daughter of Mr. Paul Burnell Binnie, of Brussels, and of Mrs. Lascelles Hoyle, of Bencombe House, Uley, Glos., at St. Giles's Church, Uley



Harden—Shaw

Major Richard Harden, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harden of Old Place, Lindfield, Sussex, married Miss Adela Shaw, only daughter of Major and Mrs. J. E. D. Shaw, of Welburn Hall, Kirbymoorside, Yorkshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



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the happiest woman  
in the world, but...*

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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Harlip



Fayer

**Miss Molly Middleton,** daughter of the late Mr. Lambert Middleton and of Lady Sybil Middleton, of Burley Grange, Burley, Hants, who is to be married next month to Captain John Boyd, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, son of Cdr. J. G. Boyd, R.N., and Mrs. Boyd, C.B.E.

**Miss M. D. Carrington,** daughter of the late Mr. G. F. Carrington and of Mrs. Carrington, of The Grange, Shelsley Beauchamp, Worcestershire, who is to marry in April Mr. R. B. Ward, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ward, of Church Road, Edgbaston, and The Manor House, Shelsley Beauchamp, Worcestershire



Lenare



Navan

**Miss Pauline Diane Berry,** elder daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Berry, and of Mrs. Berry, of Duchy Road, Harrogate, who is to be married in February to Mr. John Roy Mansfield Rocke, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Rocke, of Mumbles, Glamorgan

**Miss K. Putnam,** elder daughter of the late Mr. F. H. Putnam, of Houlton Maine, U.S.A., and of Mrs. Madge Putnam, of Fairways, Magdalen Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, who is to be married in February to Mr. P. E. Murray-Willis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Murray-Willis, of Grafton Manor, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire



Navana

**Mr. Maurice Parrington and Miss Alix Lang** who are engaged to be married. Miss Lang is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dashwood Lang, of Thame, and Mr. Parrington is the only son of Captain and Mrs. J. B. Parrington, of Aspley Guise. He is going to India as secretary to H.H. Maharaja of Dhrangadhra, and returns to England to be married in the summer

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*Oliver Swinburne*

## on FLYING

PUBLIC corporations, such as the B.O.A.C. and the B.E.A.C., remind me of the larger and more docile animals at the Zoo; vast fury beasts, looking at one from behind the bars with great, sad eyes. They are quite safe from all their natural enemies; their food is assured; everybody will always be very kind to them. But the truth is, if one thinks about it, that they are exceedingly tragic, like all caged animals.

Lord Swinton will be asking about the natural habits of these two corporations in the House of Lords at about the time these words come out; but I doubt if he will persuade Parliament that the right course—the humane course—is to put them painlessly to death.

We all know that they cost us a great deal of money. We have to protect them against horrid private enterprise creatures that might grab them and chew them to pieces. But at the thought of losing them the sentimental side of the great British public revolts.

So I feel fairly certain that we shall continue to have the B.O.A.C. and the B.E.A.C. with us, though perhaps in some modified form. Sir Stafford Cripps may not approve of losing £10,000,000 a year so that priority passengers armed with portfolios and permits may get about by air.

### Sauce for the Goose . . .

A SATIRICAL footnote is provided to the prodigious financial failures of the nationalised, monopoly air line corporations (always excepting that private enterprise in corporation's clothing, B.S.A.A.C.) by the coincident flap that has been going on about Miles aircraft.

Financial experts and economic pundits will correct me if I am wrong; but so far as I can see, to lose huge sums of money has something to do with preparing for the future and is very fine when the

loser is a State concern; but has nothing to do with the future and is almost a crime when the loser is an ordinary company.

It all makes one look back to the days of Imperial Airways and that aircraft operating genius, Woods Humphrey, with regret. Imperial Airways had almost reached the point when they were paying their way. They really knew something about commercial aviation.

### Escape Chutes

ONE of the safety suggestions on which an American airline is acting constitutes a reminder of how large aircraft are growing and of how far from the ground the passenger entry door is. The scheme is to fit the aircraft door with a fire chute. With this working fifty people, it is said, can be got out of the fuselage and safely to the ground in three and a half minutes. The height in many machines is much too great to jump without risk of injury and the scheme seems sound.

Meanwhile, I am still waiting for the first commercial line which will show the courage and good sense to fit parachutes for all the occupants of its air liners. The seat type parachute can be concealed so that it does not spoil the interior decorating and it can be opened by static line.

I see now that some French aviation specialists are advocating parachutes for passengers. One of them related the other day an experience which decided him. He was piloting an aeroplane in which there was no parachute. It caught fire. At the time he was near the ground and he managed to get down with his feet burnt, but no other injuries. He recalls that during the descent he contemplated, quite coolly, the act of jumping from the aircraft to certain death because of the agony of the flames.

When people say that if parachutes were fitted, no passenger would ever use them, that story might well

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be recalled. The fact is that passengers would use any safety device which gave them a chance of life.

### "Not in the Public Interest"

OFFICIAL secrecy is being greatly overworked. If you want to know what is an official secret, you have only to think of something in which America or some other country has achieved an indisputable lead and then to ask the Ministry concerned what we are doing about it. "Ah!" they will reply, "don't run away with the idea that just because nothing is said about it, we are doing nothing. The whole thing is secret; but if we were at liberty to speak you would find we were far ahead of the rest of the world."

When I was a young reporter I sometimes believed these official statements. Now I never believe them. It is obvious that America is now far ahead of Britain in all matters pertaining to guided missiles, ram-jets, and supersonic flight. And no amount of official secrecy camouflage will conceal the fact from those who watch the news.

It is a remarkable thing that America not only has a ram-jet helicopter flying but is developing four other designs. Are we developing any? Ah! I'm sorry, but that is a subject on which we can say nothing.

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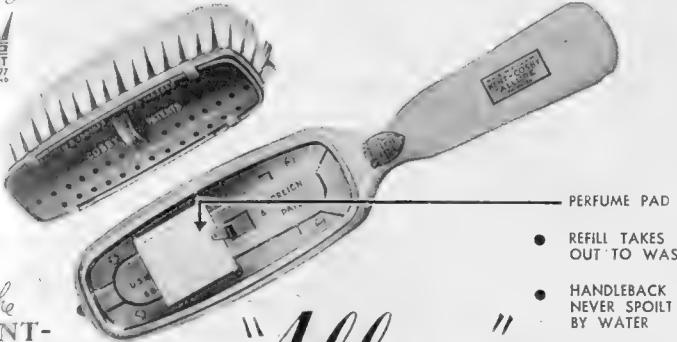
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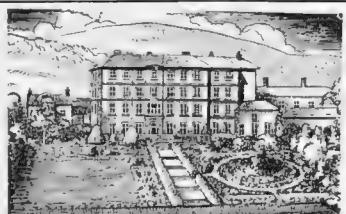
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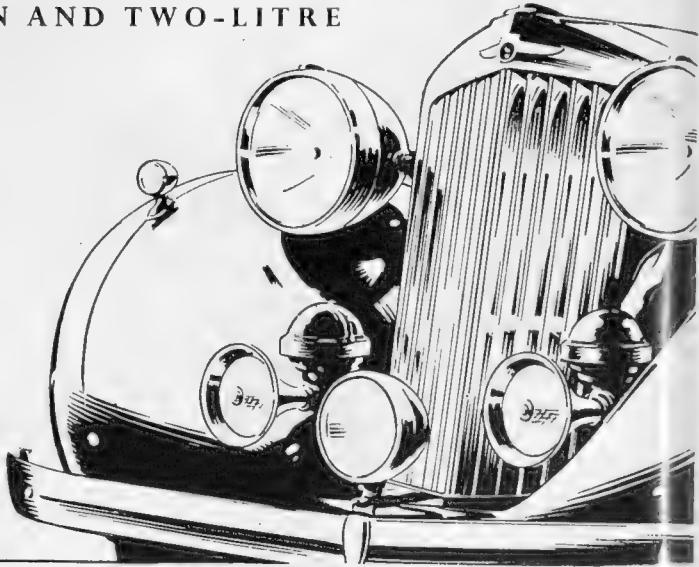
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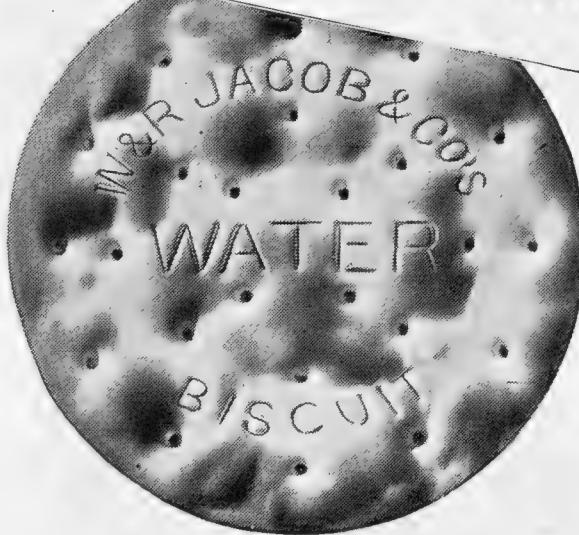
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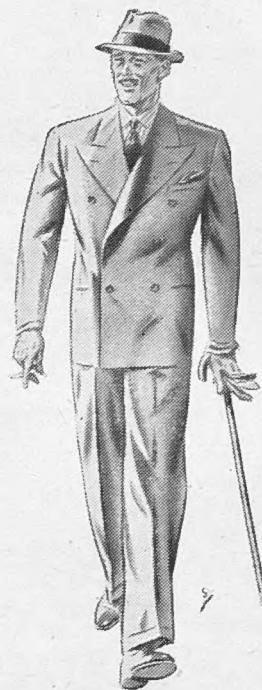
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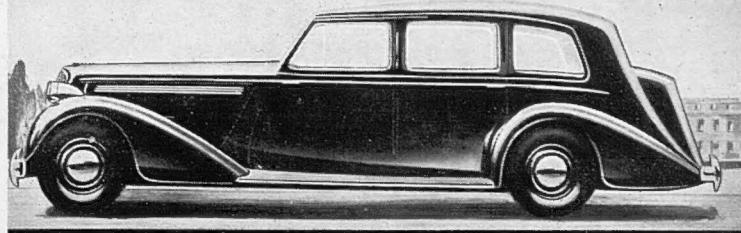
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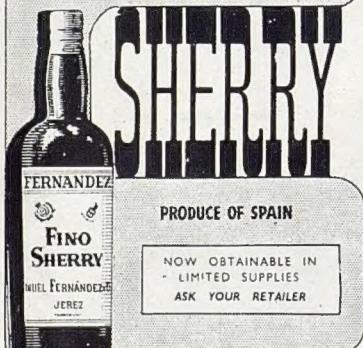
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